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RECOLLECTIONS OF A BISON & TIGER HUNTER

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By "FELIX"

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DEDICATION

This small book is dedicated to the sporting subalterns of India, whose healthy pleasures are few and far between, and whose duties are now very severe.

"FELIX."

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PREFACE

AFTER twenty-six years' residence in India, if he has kept notes, a sportsman should have many things of interest to narrate. I have no desire to publish my name, but my *nom-de-plume* in India was "Felix." In relating what I have to relate in these pages my name in England shall also be "Felix." A candid friend of mine, who was a great sportsman—alas! he was murdered at Deesa—advised me on my retirement never to talk in England of wild beast shooting in India, because, he said, "No one will believe you," aud I think he was right. Under the name of "Felix," however, no one, except a few friends, can identify me, and it will perhaps interest those few friends, as well as others, to hear of sporting adventures in which they did not happen to personally share. There is, and always will be, a difficulty for a newcomer to obtain good sport in the East. Sportsmen are always a bit conservative and keep good places to themselves. Moreover, the natives, until they know and have learnt to trust him, will not beat up dangerous game to an unknown shot, and there are, of course, many indifferent shots. The wild men who live in the villages far from civilisation are very shy; but when once you have gained their

confidence you can rely upon their providing the best sport they can give you. No money will tempt them to risk beating up a tiger to a newcomer, whatever rifle battery and swagger he may display.

In the course of my narratives I shall mention places that few people visit which still abound in game. The scenery alone will repay a stranger for any trouble and expense he may go to, even should he, as a stranger, be unable to obtain good sport.

I will not inflict details of regimental life upon my readers, but shall plunge at once into the most exciting episodes of my sporting career.

I find by my notes that my bag in the East was as follows: —

Tigers	31
Panthers	18
Cheetah	1
Bison bull	33
Stag sambhur	42
Bear	25
Black buck	over 200
Chinkara gazelle	over 200
Lynx	1
Stag-spotted deer	4
Ibex	9
Markhoor	3
Urial	3

as well as numerous four-horned deer, barking deer and other kinds of game.

I have also had magnificent opportunities of obtaining small game — bustard, houbara, florican, imperial and other grouse; black, painted, and other partridges; chukoor, bittern, jungle fowl, geese, duck, quail and snipe; and, for the benefit of travellers, I will mention the best places for these latter. The same difficulty does not obtain as regards feathered game. Natives will always show you birds and harmless game.

Many friends have asked me which was the most dangerous beast I ever confronted. I have unhesitatingly replied, "The hunting cheetah," whose rapidity of movement is matchless. But of that affair anon.

I shall commence in the first chapter to include what most sportsmen exclude from their memoirs—the elaborate preparations necessary for a comparatively poor man with a score of beaters (such as I generally had) to circumvent the tiger, who, at the crack of a twig, will fly for miles rather than face a human being. Man-eaters are very rare, and they are the only exception to the above rule. Among all the tigers I encountered I can only say that one was a man-eater. Of course I saw many more tigers than the 31 I killed, and I have once only met with, and destroyed, a man-eating panther.

Recollections of a Bison and Tiger Hunter

CHAPTER I

A ROYAL SAMBHUR

I AM not going to recommend any particular gun-maker; but I advise sportsmen who wish to follow in my footsteps not to buy a cheap rifle or gun. My battery in the plains consisted of a sound D B C F .500 express, D B C F 12-bore rifle, and D B C F cylinder gun, and I made it a strict rule to test all weapons and ball cartridges at a target before I started for the jungles.

Without further beating about the bush, I will at once suppose myself arrived in the jungles where I know from experience there are tigers. The first thing to do is to purchase six or seven young water buffaloes, which can be had at ten or twelve rupees apiece. These are for bait and are tethered in camp until the watercourses (the usual tigers' paths) are examined.

You find tigers' tracks old as well as fresh. The

most important point then arises—the selection of the spot most suitable to tether the bait.

The following conditions are necessary for success.—

Firstly, a pool of water for the buffalo to drink, and also for the tiger to drink after killing and partially devouring the bait.

Secondly, a small dense piece of jungle, such as karindah thorns, dry watercourse, or high grass where the tiger can lie down in the shade after his gorge.

It may be stated as a fact that unless a tiger has been disturbed or hunted or fired at previously, he will invariably lie near his prey until he has consumed the lot, which generally tokes him three or four days, according to the size of the buffalo.

Thirdly, a machan (raised platform) must be fixed in a tree within shot of the spot where the tiger, when beaten, will probably appear. For safety this platform must be over twelve feet from the ground. In addition to the machan, a rough ladder must be made so that the sportsmen can reach the machan without making any noise. I used also to cut a path two hundred yards up to the ladder if there were bushes or rustling grass in the vicinity, as the tiger's ears are very keen, even when he is gorged.

A convenient battlefield having been selected, as

the sun goes down the buffalo is tied by the heels (not the horns) to a long peg driven into the ground, within reach of the pool of water, and grass fodder is also placed within reach.

Fourthly, the camp must be at least a mile from the buffalo, as sounds in camp travel far in the stillness of an Indian night.

Fifthly, every morning two of your most trustworthy and least talkative men must proceed and see, from as far off as possible, if the buffalo is alive. If so, fresh fodder is cut for him and the men return to camp and report accordingly.

In the course of a few days the buffalo is reported missing, and one of the men comes back hot-footed with the news; the other remains on the lookout. Nothing should be done till the sun is well up—about 11 a.m. The first person to advance is the sportsman, with one man carrying a spare rifle. He sees his master safely into the tree and then joins his companions, who make a large encircling movement round the jungle, contracting the circle as they near it, driving the beast quietly by simply striking the trees with sticks (shouting is a mistake, for it only makes a tiger gallop), and the tiger invariably advances quietly, at the walk or trot, to his doom.

I always enjoyed doing the tracking, etc., myself,

and selecting the battlefield. I never let my shikarees do that most important work for me. It took me many years to become anything of a tracker, but I found it a very useful accomplishment, as I shall prove hereafter.

On many occasions I had three buffaloes tied in different directions, according to the tracks discovered within reach of the camp.

If you are likely to stay any length of time at one place, *never live in a tent.* Have a grass hut made for you by the shikarees and have it watered on the side from which the hot wind blows. The rapid evaporation will render the hut cooler than a bungalow in cantonments. I had these huts erected before I reached really good places, and used them again on my return journey. Tents are *deadly*, and even when I used them I dispensed entirely with the side walls.

It may happen sometimes that a sportsman only wounds a tiger severely. If that be the case, in descending from the machan, never follow an out-of-sight tiger unless you have a clear view of one hundred yards ahead. That hundred yards should always be maintained by the shikarees climbing trees and examining every available piece of cover. Nearly every sportsman who has been killed by a

tiger owes his death to not following this golden rule. On one occasion I was four hours advancing a distance of five hundred yards in the safe way I have suggested, and the tigress, gasping her last, was at last spotted by a shikaree from a tree. Any hurry would certainly have resulted in a butcher's bill.

There are, it is true, occasions when a tiger has to be shot on foot, as in the case of a tiger killing a cow out of a zemindar's (Indian farmer) herd, when no battlefield has been prepared and you have to take pot luck. I have been lucky in this respect when odd chances of that kind have occurred, but after I had been at the game a few years and had cut my hunting teeth, I preferred the safe and scientific method. My first two tigers were, however, both shot on the flat in the open.

I have mentioned twelve feet as a safe height for a machan, though I have measured a fourteen-foot tiger's leap on a tree by the claw-marks on the bark. But this was an extremely lean and active tigress. Another advantage in being elevated is that the tiger rarely looks up unless its attention is drawn upward by sound. I have once only seen a tiger systematically look up and examine every tree on its way, but this was a very much-hunted beast, which led me a terrible dance before I secured him.

There are many sportsmen who are satisfied to have every arrangement made for them by others as long as they get their shot; but believe me, there is infinitely greater satisfaction if you feel that the preliminaries were yours as well as the shots which ended the job.

I shall now commence my narrative by describing how I met and killed my first tiger in the jungles of Kzeerghur in the year 1875.

In May 1875 I obtained six weeks' leave. I was but a novice and my battery was poor. It consisted of a single 8-bore muzzle-loading rifle, taking 8 drs. powder, a 12-bore gun, and a double .450 express. With these, an orderly, and one servant, I reached Ruttonpur, a village about twenty-six miles north of Doongergaon, which is near to Khandwa, Central Provinces. The village contained about twenty adult men and was situated at the mouth of a valley, low hills lying to the south-east, and high plateaus to the north-west. A clear stream trickled past the village, which was on high ground, and I took the precaution to encamp well above the village water. I called the Patel (Headman), whose name was Baloo, and he assured me that there was little or no game, but only a few gazelle, peacock, etc. As for tigers, he said, they rarely came near the place.

This is the usual language addressed to a stranger.

As regards provisions, eggs, chickens and goats were plentiful.

I then took counsel with my orderly, a Mahratta, Sukoo Mitbouker by name. He was no sportsman, but, like all natives, had an instinctive knowledge of tracks, and could recognise the various footmarks of beasts when he saw them. We went out for a little walk and came across a few gazelle, which I shot; as well as quail, green pigeon and painted sandgrouse. Next day I took Sukoo and two men with food and water for a six-mile walk up the valley. We had gone about three miles when we reached the broad, dry bed of a river which ascended to the high hills on the left. Sukoo (who, as a rule, was very quiet and phlegmatic) got very much excited, and said, "Sahib, look here; tracks of tiger; look there, sambhur, and many of them." On my way home my luck began. One of the coolies saw a bear grubbing at an ant-hill at the base of the hills. I got well above him and killed him as he grubbed. After skinning him, we returned home, and I sent for Baloo and upbraided him for telling such abominable lies. When he saw the bear's skin he began to get more communicative and said, "Some sahibs come here, and if I say there are beasts about and they don't see them the first

time they go out, they turn on me and beat me, and call me a liar; but I see that the sahib is a lucky sahib, and I will see what I can do to show you a stag sambhur."

Before daybreak next day Baloo sent out six brace of men to the hill tops to watch for sambhur coming up from the valley after their night's feed. Many sambhur were spotted, but they were either does or stags with poor horns. It is the usual custom for the men to squat half a mile apart in pairs, and as soon as a good stag has selected his resting-place for the day, one man remains to keep the stag in view, whilst his fellow comes to camp to fetch the sportsman. About six days after this I was out in the evening with Sukoo shooting peacocks for the pot, in the long grass which grew in the large watercourse I have mentioned. We returned to camp and I told Baloo I had seen a lot of sambhur tracks, some of them very large, and he promised to watch the watercourse himself in the morning from a high hill. About 8 a.m. on the following morning my butler was oiling my 8-bore and I was bathing in the stream, when in came Baloo, breathless, with the news that a large tiger had been seen by him stalking three doe sambhur in the watercourse, and that the tiger was still in the high grass. I was soon in my

clothes, and of course highly excited, but the big rifle could not be cleared of oil in time for safe use, so I determined to trust solely to the D B C F .450 express. Baloo, with the leather water-bag, Sukoo and self were soon under weigh, trotting, puffing and walking the three miles. As we approached the ravine I saw the three doe sambhur grazing on the hills close at hand, so I opined that the tiger was not far off. Baloo, who was necessarily a man of caution, as he had a large family, soon swarmed a tree within a short distance of where he had last seen the tiger. I noticed that he ascended very high, and after a while his arms began to move like a windmill and I could see that the tiger was in view. Following the direction of Baloo's arm (he must not speak, of course), I directed Sukoo to throw pebbles into the grass when I had reached a spot by the side of the river bed two hundred yards higher up in the direction of the high hills. As soon as I had reached my position, Sukoo began to throw the stones. The effect was instantaneous. The tiger, who began to move at once, instead of following the river bed as I expected, walked straight out into the open plain. He had seen Sukoo, but had not seen me, so I crouched under a hillock and got within one hundred and forty yards of him and opened fire. The bullet was too low

and only tore the muscles of his off forearm. He then turned at once and raced for Sukoo. I have seen monkeys climb trees rapidly, but never did I see a human being travel so rapidly up a tree as did Sukoo, with his puggry (twenty feet of muslin) trailing in the branches. Meanwhile the tiger had a go at the end of the puggry, and finding Sukoo out of reach, returned the same way, at a walk, and showing lameness. I had by this time reloaded, and, though very unsteady with excitement, fired again at about 120 yards. This time it was providentially all right. The bullet of my right barrel caught the tiger behind the ear and broke his neck. The whole job was hazardous, but my anxiety to kill a tiger and my youth were my sole excuses. Baloo, during the performance, was yelling danger at the top of his voice; but as soon as the job was over down came he and Sukoo. The latter wanted me to shoot the tiger once again to make sure, but no vestige of life was left. Thus died my first tiger. His length between uprights was 9 ft. 8 in., and 1 ft. 6 in. round the forearm. He was a thick-set male hill-tiger, totally different from the lanky tigers of the plain. A bullock-cart was soon brought to take the beauty home, and the village got drunk over the victory. It only remains to relate, what scarcely appears credible but is

nevertheless true, that on skinning the beast three pellets of No. 5 shot were found such as I had used the preceding evening in shooting peafowl at the same watercourse.

I had fired downward from a high bank as the peafowl rose, and the shot must have reached his highness concealed in the long grass. I had a gun only in my hand, and had the tiger taken offence, nothing could have saved me. Baloo was therefore correct when he pronounced me lucky. Indeed, I must confess that in shooting I have been at all times singularly fortunate. After the death of the tiger I was master of the village. Every man in it was at my service, and Baloo suggested that we should take four days' supply and go to the hills (without heavy baggage) twelve miles off, where he promised me bison and sambhur. In this he kept his word; but before describing that little journey I may mention that after 1875 I took up my quarters four times in the same region and always came back, except once, with heavy bags of tiger, bison, sambhur, bear, panther, neilgai, etc.

Children I had known in 1875 were men in 1892 when I paid my last and happiest visit to the Ruttonpur valley and hills.

Preparations for our journey to Perudkhoda were

soon made. Pack bullocks laden with flour, tobacco, red pepper for the men, and my own kit packed in wooden wine cases, were our impedimenta. Starting early, we reached our objective at 4 p.m. The road was rough (it is used by woodcutters only), through bamboo, sal and teakwood forests; but the atmosphere on the plateaus was delightful. I had not arrived half an hour before a couple of men who had acted as flanking scouts informed me that two great sambhur stags were lying in some long grass about half a mile from camp. The tips only of their horns had been visible. I started at once, making due allowance for the almost imperceptible breeze which blew, and from a distance of one hundred and twenty yards, armed with my .450, I saw the tips slowly moving above the grass. As I cautiously advanced two fine bull bison stood before me. This was the first time I had seen these beasts in the flesh, and my first impression was that of admiration. Baloo, seeing me hesitate, hissed "Maro, maro" (strike), and I opened fire at eighty yards at the pair, giving each a barrel. Still they remained motionless as sphinxes, and I gave them each a second shot. The right bison now dropped on his knees and slowly rolled over, shot through the heart. Not so the other, who, tail in air, climbed the hill at a great pace, leaving a trail of

blood behind him. I followed as fast as I could, but there was no catching him that night. We therefore returned to camp. The next morning I was up early. The Bheels took up the trail, which led us to a hill four miles off, at the base of which we found our wounded friend, decidedly groggy, in company with four cows. I again got a fair shot at the bull, but he was off. Only for about half a mile, however, when he settled down and allowed me to give the *coup de grace* at fifty yards Both bulls were five years old, with good horns, but nothing much out of the common. I met three stag sambhur on the way home, and secured the largest, but the horns, though long, were not massive. The natives, by the way, recognise two distinct classes of sambhur—one, the larger, they call the Tailia (oily and black); the small, Peelia (light yellowish colour). The Tailia I used to call "The Royal Sambhur." On the following day I had to deal with one of the latter.

The shikarees went out as usual an hour before daybreak, but saw no sign of sambhur or bison. I therefore concluded that the heavy firing of the previous day had cleared the neighbourhood of large game. In the evening, hearing some quail calling in the grass, which was about two feet high, I took out my shot-gun, Baloo accompanying me with the rifle.

To stir up the birds, I fired the grass, which began to crackle rapidly. When I was only a mile from camp, suddenly, at a distance of two hundred yards, a magnificent royal sambhur stood up and faced me straight on. Baloo handed me the loaded rifle, and, making a steady shot, I heard the well-known thud so dear to the sportsman. The shot, however, had no immediate effect. Away went the sambhur, with his antlers thrown back, at racing pace, and he quite pumped me as he disappeared over the brow of the hill. A young Bheel, who had been sent out by me in search of game, on hearing the firing, raced up to the hill and signalled to me with all his linen to hurry up. This I willingly did, and then saw the sambhur going very lame five hundred yards off. I got within a hundred and fifty yards of him and gave him another bullet in the centre of the body. Off he went again, and, in the pursuit, I tripped over a log and lost half my cartridges as well as sight of the beast. When I last saw him, however, he was near a pool of water, and thither I hastened. To my surprise he burst out of the pool. I gave him another bullet and exhausted my cartridges. I had then to wait for Baloo, who had ball cartridges for the shot-gun which he was holding. We made a big *detour*, and at last found the sambhur, but too far off

to fire at. Back he rushed towards the pool and was again lost to sight. Baloo tried to console me by saying, "We shall find him to-morrow. Let us go home now as it is getting dark." A sudden inspiration, however, seized me to look at that pool again. It was but six hundred yards off. We went there, and, lying immersed in the water up to his eyes at the side of the pool, with his great antlers half hidden by creepers, lay the sambhur. He made one heroic effort to get out of the pool, but this time two spherical bullets ended his gallant career. He was black as night, with a thick ruffle and massive antlers beautifully formed, forty to forty-one inches in length. It required in all three express and two spherical bullets to conquer him.

CHAPTER II

ON THE TRACK OF A MAN-EATER

AFTER returning from Perudkhoda, where I bagged nothing more, albeit we found tracks of several tigers, I pottered about in the neighbourhood of Ruttonpur and Rajghr. The latter place, about six miles from Ruttonpur, contains picturesque temples and a wide-spreading Banian Tree Tope capable of shading, with its ramifications, six hundred men. I bagged two more inferior stag sambhur and another bear, also a few chinkara, and returned to my regiment perfectly satisfied with my first expedition, taken on my own hook, after big game. I had established myself in the good graces of the villagers, and the news of my exploits travelled far. I have now to deal with my second expedition in the same country.

Before doing so, I should state that in 1872, when stationed at Poona, I was awed by a senior officer who told me that he had slain wild beasts in Ceylon, including an elephant. He had heard that I was going to the Sydree Ghats west of Munmar after big game,

and suggested that he should act, as an old shikaree, as my guide. Green and foolish as I then was, I accepted his proposal, but only to find that he was capable of an unpardonable offence, which is that of changing his place in a beat when a big beast is afoot, without letting me know of the change. The facts are these. I had choice of positions and a big bear was at the head of a ravine beating downwards. I naturally chose the higher position and relegated my elephant slayer to the base of the ravine. The bear came down all right, but my sporting friend had quietly shifted himself to a position above me, and as the bear descended, fired, missing the bear, but nearly shooting me dead. To make matters worse, the bear charged me, and I wounded him sufficiently to make him clear off, but we never saw that bear again, and I henceforth ceased to trust in elephant slayers. I returned home very sick, and determined for the future to "paddle my own canoe."

It was many years before I took anyone with me when going after big game. In fact, in all my five expeditions to Ruttonpur, it was not till 1889 that I took any friend there with me. Even then it was unfortunate, for I had to nurse him home with sunstroke. He has since died, but not of sunstroke. I have taken friends with me to other jungles, and on

every occasion, excepting one, trouble has arisen. It is not through utter selfishness that I go shooting, as a rule, alone; but I can trust myself. Strangers are an unknown quantity. I shall record some of my experiences in this direction hereafter.

In 1877 I returned to Ruttonpur, having travelled over one thousand miles by road, sea and rail to get there. I had three months' leave and shot thirty-two head of game. During this expedition two dangerous and exciting incidents occurred which I shall ever remember. One was in connection with a solitary bison bull; the other with the largest and most artful tiger I have ever had to deal with. He was, in fact, a well-known man-eater, and rarely touched any bait save the *genus homo.* I shall begin my narrative with the tiger. About ten miles or, say, twelve miles from Ruttonpur, following the base of the hills, lies the village of Moongergaon, at that time inhabited but since deserted. I pitched my camp there and was told that a man-eating tiger went his rounds weekly to levy toll, and that his usual haunt was a small watercourse between two hills three miles away. His last victim had been a poor old woman who was gathering sticks. The victim before her was a girl of ten who was gathering Mhowa flowers with which to make spirit. So it was evident that he was no

respecter of persons. I had no orderly with me this time, but had engaged a shrewd old man called Makun Tirwee, who knew every inch of the jungles.

Makun and I went to the watercourse and inspected the bed of the stream. We found the tracks of a very large tiger who had been there three days before, and Makun said, "He will be back in four days, and he might be tempted with a succulent buffalo about six months old."

There was no cover right or left—simply a watercourse with a small pool of water and with banks two feet high on either side. The hills began to rise immediately beyond the water, and on this side of the water was a stretch of hard sand. The buffalo was duly tied close to the water, and men were sent out daily to view him from afar, as described in Chapter I. There was no tree for a machan within striking distance, and no jungle for the beast to slumber in during the midday sun. True to a day, the tiger came. All that the shikarees could tell me was "The buffalo has disappeared." I thought the matter over, and a local policeman, who happened to be in the village, assured me that the man-eater was not the kind of beast to lie there, but that he was over the hills and far away. I had, however, great confidence in my star, and took two men only with me at

midday. When within three hundred yards of the pool, I sent them right and left to the top of the two hills to wait events. I myself took off my boots and advanced with a D B C F .500 express (made by a Birmingham firm) towards the hard sandy bottom of the watercourse. The day was intensely hot, and the only sound was the hiss of the heat and the buzz of insects. What did I see? In the pool was the tiger, on his back, with his head towards me, immersed in the water up to his throat, his limbs in the air. There he was disporting himself, utterly unconscious of my presence. His vitals were virtually guarded. But there was no turning back. At forty yards I aimed carefully at his throat. The shot went home. He turned with a roar on to his stomach and dragged himself out of the pool towards me. I saw in a moment, however, that his hind limbs were paralysed, the first bullet having reached his spine, where I subsequently found the copper tube and a piece of lead embedded. He pulled his limbs along the sands, but was at my mercy. I gave him two barrels in the chest and that finished him. The shikarees were a long time before they returned, and it was only when they saw me quietly putting on my boots where I had left them that they ventured to come down.

Uncommon as it is with man-eaters, the beast's

skin was in perfect condition. He measured 10 ft. 1 in. between uprights, and was the largest tiger I ever killed. After this the villagers had rest, so I knew I had smitten the right joker.

The usual village pæans were sung in my praise, which meant money on my part and drink on their part; and thus ended a very nasty job without disaster. Makun was speechless for two whole days.

It was then that I met, for the first time, Jey Sing Naik, a power in the hills, who was then in his prime. From the first we got on very well together. I told him I had killed bison at Perudkhoda, but the heads were nothing out of the common, and he told me to shift my camp to Mohunpoora, where he thought he could find me a fine head in the neighbourhood. I settled myself at the base of the hills, and in the morning was surprised to see that a herd of bison had actually quenched their thirst within two hundred yards of my camp. Jey Sing, all alone, was off before break of day. He was a fearless man, and the finest tracker over stones I have ever met, not excepting the Sind trackers. I was having my cup of tea at 6 a.m. when I saw Jey Sing at the top of the hill, his head tied up with a red handkerchief, beckoning to me.

I was soon there, and then he told me his yarn.

"Sahib," he said, "there is a large solitary bison bull lying under a small sal tree on the top of the next plateau." I replied, "All right, show him." But Jey Sing was not content with my D B C F .500 express. He wanted me to go and fetch my 12-bore rifle as well, but that I declined to do. Jey Sing shook his head as much as to say, "Youth will have its way," and began to climb the hill. Directly we reached the plateau, Jey Sing climbed a tree to see if our quarry was still there. He made signs and pointed northwards, and I saw the bull, a monster, lying under a sal tree three hundred yards away. I walked quietly towards the bull. He exhibited no signs of fear, but kept whisking his tail and shaking his ears to keep off the flies. I still advanced to within eighty yards, and then opening fire, I hit him fair and square with right and left barrels. The bison rose and came for me over the rough ground at a steady trot. Meanwhile, in trying to reload in a hurry, the upper bar of the extractor broke, and as the bison was still nearing me I felt very unhappy, but dodged behind two trees, which were close together, and managed to fit in the cartridge despite the fracture. Directly I was ready the bison charged, but I was behind the two trees, and as

he stopped to turn I shot him behind the ear stone dead. Jey Sing was right; I was wrong. A bison takes a lot of lead, and a solitary bison is the most persistent enemy in the way of a beast a human being can meet. The head was superb; in fact, the third best I have ever secured. I never went after bison again without two rifles. In a herd they are dangerous when wounded, but solitary bisons are always dangerous. Even before a shot has been fired they have been known to kill men.

Jey Sing showed me more bison bull, but none so large as the Mohunpoora beast. Shortly after this I returned to Moongergaon and lost my little dog Scampy. I was lying in the open with Scampy at my feet when, about midnight, I heard him growl. He then bounded off my bed and I never saw him again. Poor Scampy had been boned by a panther lying in wait in the nullah forty yards from where I reclined. I followed the tracks next day and found Scampy's hind leg a mile and a half away.

One evening at Moongergaon I was up on the hillside, southwards as the sun goes down, and shot a bear, but he got away. I took up his tracks next day through bamboo jungle and on to a grassy plain, and suddenly came face to face with the beast, who was on his hind legs. I luckily hit him in the right

place this time, and killed him. Bears do not run very large in these jungles.

Bears are animals for whom most sportsmen have a great contempt. I have, however, met bears ready to fight when suddenly roused from their mid-day snooze under a rock and before they have been fired at.

When at Mohunpoora I saw by indubitable signs that a bear had rolled himself up in a temple and remained there all night before the red stone god. The way to kill bears is to find out their cave and wait till the dusk, when they invariably come out in shot-light. I have on one occasion shot three bears dead out of five leaving the same cave, and the remaining two were handsomely wounded.

Poor Makun Tirwee! He was subsequently murdered at Moongergaon by Tantia Bheel, who suspected him of treachery. Strange to say, I have had many of the celebrated dacoit's followers in my employ, and I myself asked Sir L. G. to allow me to capture Tantia or destroy him, and Sir L. G. would have given me the permit if the matter had not been transferred to the Commissioner of the Central Provinces.

Reverting for a moment to the subject of bison, Jey Sing told me that he had tried in vain to keep

calf bison in captivity, and that they rarely lived for over a month. The native idea is that a young bison dies as soon at it sees artificial light, such as an oil lamp or candle, which is, of course, absurd; the real explanation is that no calf bison can obtain sufficient nutriment from the domestic cow.

I am aware that the Burmese gaur, or bison, as it is sometimes called, an animal inferior in bulk and stature to the Indian beast, has been transported to the Zoological Gardens, but the Indian bison has never, so far as I know, reached the shores of England.

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CHAPTER III

IN THE GRIP OF A PANTHER

It was not until 1884 that I had another opportunity of visiting Ruttonpur, the Afghan War and furlough to England intervening, but I started from Ajmere in that year on short leave, intending to go mainly after bison. I took two powerful Mehurs with me and a servant, and in due course arrived at Ruttonpur. I did not stop there, but with my bullock carts pushed on for Mohunpoora. Unfortunately we lost our way in the night, and found ourselves suddenly in the middle of a Brinjara village during the height of the Hooli Festival. The Brinjaras, or Gipsies of India, were a truculent crew, full of drink, and wanted to destroy us all then and there. I had three weapons loaded up, and the Mehurs were also armed, but I had the greatest difficulty in avoiding a collision. We backed out showing six barrels and two swords in the torchlight, and returned to Ruttonpur, when I made up my mind to try Perudkhoda again after I had arranged to punish the Brinjaras for their insolent conduct.

Four of them received sentences of imprisonment up to two years, and I was satisfied. I met them years afterwards and they bore me no ill-will. In fact, the best shikaree I picked up in 1889 was a Brinjara. He was the best man in those jungles I ever engaged.

The Mehurs who were with me had never seen a bison, and when we had travelled three-quarters of the way to Perudkhoda the advanced shikarees found a large herd accompanied by two great bulls. The Mehurs took them to be tame cattle. We were soon on the spot. Watching the herd with my Voightlander, I saw that one heavy bull led the herd, and another brought up the rearguard. After manœuvring, I opened on the leader. He fell dead at once, but it took no fewer than eighteen bullets (badly planted, it is true) to cause the rearguard to roll into the ravine. The heads were both good, but not so large as the one I had killed with Jey Sing Naik. I killed a few sambhur and bears, but no tiger. I had only short leave, and was not at all fit, and returned to Ajmere.

In 1885 I found myself quartered at Erinpura, which lies about twelve miles north of Mount Abu. There are always tigers about, but they do not stay long in those districts, and there is hardly one that

has not been hunted and fired at, and that makes them all the more difficult to secure.

On the south-west of Erinpura there lies a range of hills with a valley between, and I was told that at the village of Talaita a tigress was doing considerable damage. Unfortunately, the beast rarely touched her quarry twice, which proved that she had been much hunted. I tied up a buffalo (Talaita was about seven miles off), which the tigress killed immediately, so out I went on a camel on three days' leave. The murderess, however, never touched the buffalo again. I then tied up another, which was also killed, and I determined to beat for the beast on the eastern slopes, towards which her footsteps led. I sat on the top of the ravine and enshrouded both sides from the plain with fifty beaters. As soon as they began to advance the tigress appeared and stood on a rock one hundred and twenty yards from where I was sitting. The beast was watching the beaters, and from her subsequent action appeared determined to outflank the advancing men. She dropped from the rock towards the flank of the attack, so I had to fire at one hundred and twenty yards, and as luck would have it killed her there and then, with a single bullet. On examining her body, when skinned, I found embedded between her

shoulder-blades a .577 bullet, weighing about 1¾ ozs. I was subsequently able to trace that bullet to a gentleman at Deesa. The tigress had carried it for over a year without, apparently, any material ill effect, but the bullet had made the beast wary and difficult to secure.

One day a very fine panther was brought to me in a cage by a neighbouring Rajah as a present. The Rajah's idea was that I should shoot the panther through the bars and be covered with glory. I did not take the same view of the matter, but determined to let the panther have a run for his life. So I set the cage on the high road between two banks eight feet high, and rigged up a block and pulley to open the trap at ten yards' distance. Some Sepoys came to see the fun, despite my earnest appeal to them to clear off to a safe distance. As they would not go, I opened the trap and got a fair shot with a D B C F .500 express at the beast as he bolted. Unfortunately the bullet was four inches too far behind, and the panther nipped up the bank and charged, not me, but one of the Sepoys (there were a score of them) who wore a red puggry. The beast was fixed claws and jaws on the man, and I felt very uncomfortable, as no doubt also did the Sepoy. There was only one course open to me consistent with safety,

namely, to put the barrel of the rifle against the panther and blow him away. This I did, and the panther even then dropped into the road and mounted the opposite bank. I killed him, however, before he reached the top. The Sepoy recovered after six months in hospital, but his wounds were rendered worse owing to a disease from which he was suffering. My C.O. gave me a wigging for this, and suggested that I had endangered the lives of the community in cantonments; but I replied that wild beasts when hunted did not, as a rule, walk into bungalows but preferred rural retreats, in which reply I was considered flippant.

I next heard of a depredating tigress at Nana, and I invited my friend G——, a railway engineer, to join me in her pursuit. G—— was busy, so off I went by myself to Nana. From the station you will see a high conical hill about four miles off. It was on this forest-bound hill that the beast had taken up her quarters. This country belonged to a native Rajah who objected to European officers shooting tigers in his territory. The Political Resident, however, had applied pressure and insisted on the officers who kept order in his territory having some relaxation in the way of sport, so the Rajah apparently yielded. The tigress had killed a horse two days

before I arrived on the eastern side of the conical hill, and I had great difficulty in getting beaters. In fact, I bribed the maim and the halt from here, there and everywhere to earn four annas, and my army of beaters consisted of fourteen cripples, this being due to the strong underfeeling that existed against giving help to strangers.

I little expected to see anything when I climbed the steep hill. Moreover, I had a poor rifle with a very light charge of 2¾ drs. powder, though it was double and good enough for antelope and chinkara. I had hardly reached the top when the cripples, contrary to my instructions, commenced shouting at the top of their voices from the reverse base of the hill. I was on the bend of a ridge with my orderly when the tigress came at racing pace past us at sixty yards. I fired. Both my bullets were well planted within two inches of one another, but the tigress romped on for two hundred yards before falling dead. When first struck she reared on her hind legs, and I feared a charge when I should have had no time to reload, and the 12-bore gun with the orderly might not have been handed to me at all. G—— met me at the base of the hill just too late for the fair. We had many a pleasant day together after that, but he was too foolhardy for a short-sighted man (he wore

glasses) and eventually was nearly killed by a tiger. His shikaree, in fact, was killed.

Apropos of G——, a few days afterwards he asked me to go after some bears and a possible tiger. To reach the place selected we had to ride fourteen miles from Abu Road Station, and fell in with some Kattyawar cattle and so had to gallop for miles with these dangerous brutes after us. The slaying of two bears was nothing very exciting, but on our return journey we stopped at Nana, where G——'s trolley was in waiting, on which we were to be drawn by coolies to Erinpura. The mail train from Bombay was shortly due, but G—— thought we had plenty of time to clear the bridge before we reached Erinpura. Before reaching the bridge (which is an open one, without girders or buttresses at the side) there is a cutting with a sharp turn where all trains are bound to whistle. We were three-quarters of the way across the bridge when we heard the ominous whistle of the express approaching and it became a race for life. We had barely time to throw the trolley off the line at the Erinpura end of the bridge before the express whizzed by. These sort of adventures I do not like. There would have been no escape if we had been one minute later from Nana Station.

Then a friend of mine went half-way to Abu with me to beat for bear. A panther came out to me and I wounded him badly. He dived into a tunnel, the length of which I did not then know. The Bheels came up and told us that the exit of the tunnel was on the side of a ravine close by. The tunnel itself was twenty yards long and eight feet deep. We tried all we knew in vain to fire the beast out. At last a Bheel offered to go down the shaft entered by the panther and see if he was dead. He descended, held under the arms by two puggrys, and carrying a double-edged Rajput dagger in his hand. His feet had barely touched the ground when we heard an ominous roar and we drew the Bheel sharply to the surface. Whilst I stood at the exit my friend stood at the shaft, and we heaped down an enormous amount of grass and dry wood and set fire to it. After four hours I saw the panther's head peep out, then half his body. That was enough for me, and I got him through the spine.

Subsequently I crossed the line eastwards on ten days' leave to the hills between Nana and Erinpura, and missed a huge panther, though it was only fifteen yards off and afforded a straight shot. Next day the Bheels marked down a bear at the top of a hill bestrewn with great boulders. The Bheels with

me appeared anxious, and one drew his bow and arrow and warned me to be ready. A second Bheel threw a pebble at the boulder, when, much to my surprise, a very large black bear popped up like a jack-in-the-box, evidently meaning to attack us. The Bheel was ready with his arrow, but it missed its mark. I hit the bear well in the horseshoe, and he rolled back into the cave, racing through another opening down hill. When he had got to the base of the hill it was all over with it. It was a very large black sloth and measured clear six feet standing up.

My shikaree lost me a tiger here by going too near the buffalo when the tiger was actually feeding at 7 a.m. The tiger never returned. I sat up at night in vain for him, but nothing appeared except a bear, which I spared. It is this small attention to detail which is so necessary when going after tigers, and so difficult to make the average native observe. The smell of tobacco, the human voice, the broken twig, are all understood by the feline race as denoting danger.

For some time I had a run of bad luck. I trapped a beautiful panther and opened the trap to let a friend have a shot. He missed the beast clean with both barrels.

I will describe later on how to make a panther-trap.

CHAPTER IV

A TANK OF ALLIGATORS

ON the high road between Erinpura and Mount Abu, about a mile from Erinpura, there is a large patch of high grass intersected by small watercourses. Some time before my arrival a determined man-eating tiger took up his quarters there and systematically stopped the mail runners and devoured them. For a time the mail was suspended, and two officers, Dr S. and Major M'R., determined to rid the neighbourhood of the pest. I had details of the affair first hand from both of them. Buffaloes were tied up and the gentlemen already named took up their positions and remained sometimes till late at night. On the night the beast appeared, Major M'R. had gone home, and the tiger fell to the rifle of Dr S. There were no perches to be found safe from a sudden leap, and in sitting up for a man-eater you want eyes all round you; but there is something about a white man which causes even man-eaters to think twice. I have no doubt if a native had been holding the same vigil he would have been speedily attacked whether armed or not.

One day I was after chinkara south of Erinpura and I came to a large shallow tank. One of the villagers came to me and said the tank was swarming with alligators, and that the children feared to enter the water for the purpose of ablution. I sat on a rock and waited until the sun was well up. I saw one alligator after another come to the surface, just showing the bumps over the eye and bottle nose. I eventually killed fourteen alligators. When one was fairly hit from above with an express bullet there was a lashing of the tail and then down went the reptile to the bottom of the tank. The village men then joined hands and trod the bottom, and finding the carcase, dragged it out by the tail. The men did not seem to fear the chance of being bitten. A wounded alligator will invariably make his way to the bank.

On opening some of the bodies I found eggs inside. I had never seen alligator eggs before, and blew a dozen of them as one blows birds' eggs. In colour the eggs are white, the shell resembling the most delicate china. After the eggs leave the alligator's body, the character of the shell alters entirely, and becomes leathery and perfectly unblowable. I gave some of the eggs to Dr S., the slayer of the man-eater, and he had apparently never seen eggs before,

as I had found them, china-like, from the reptiles' internals. The eggs are about the size of a bustard's eggs, but with that glossy hue which is peculiar to the eggs of a kingfisher.

Near the tank were bears' caves on the northern slopes of Mount Abu. One of my men saw a cub running about and pursued it, but the mother in a cave hard by came out in a moment and gave my man a terrible bite above the knee. Fortunately no bones were broken. After washing I plugged the holes made in the man's knee with cotton wool steeped in strong carbolic acid solution and sent him on a camel to hospital, and he was all right in a couple of months. Having seen to my man, I went to the cave for the bear and cub. It was a boulder cave, and eventually my shikaree, by firing down blank cartridges from the crevice above, forced out the mother with the cub clinging to her stomach. I managed to kill the bear without injuring the cub, but I could not keep the latter alive. It was a little too old to be reared and it died on the following day.

On the 2nd October 1885, I was on Mount Abu and proposed to Dr N. that we should have a big beat for sambhur. We had about sixty beaters to work a valley within sight of the barracks. Dr N. took up what I thought was the best position

eastwards, and I stood on a rock westwards, the rock being about twenty feet high. Very soon I saw a splendid stag on the move. He turned his head towards the doctor, and when within two hundred yards of him suddenly disappeared. The beast was virtually surrounded and could not have got out of the cordon, though the jungle at that period of the year was a bit thick. I called up a good tracker and told the beaters to hold their ground whilst the tracker was at work. The ground was so wet that even an amateur could have followed the slots. The sambhur was a cunning beast, lying low under a big bush. As the tracker reached the bush, the sambhur came out with a rush, but doubled back towards me. The fact was the sambhur had seen the doctor and did not care to move his way. We were eight hundred yards from one another, and the sambhur in an incredibly short time passed under my rock. I emptied two barrels at it and the beast disappeared. The jungle was particularly dense below me, but I felt sure that I could not have missed with both barrels at forty yards. I told the beaters by signs to hold fast again, and called a Bheel, who took up the tracks from the spot where I surmised I had hit the sambhur. My surmise was correct for the sambhur was found dead, with both bullets in him.

He was a grand specimen. The doctor was very down on his luck and said, "I would have given fifty rupees to have bagged him." The horns, with the last shred of velvet on, were over forty-one inches long, the second largest head I ever secured.

I had very good sport with jungle fowl when on the hill, securing some which showed signs of having crossed with the domestic fowl.

A fair number of tigers are shot on the hill in the summer, but mostly by moonlight over a kill. That is a system I have often tried in vain, though on one occasion I did wound a tiger, and was in terror lest it should fall foul of inoffensive natives and do damage, for wounded tigers, accidentally met with, nearly always attack. A case occurring to one of my beaters, which I shall narrate later on, will illustrate this.

An amusing incident happened when I was at Abu. A Bheel came up the hill and reported a tiger lying in a helpless condition, being half suffocated by having eaten porcupine, the quills of which were sticking through his gullet. One of the young officers thought this would be a soft job and accordingly rattled down the hill after the Bheel. Sure enough the carcase of the tiger was there, but a

brother Bheel had finished the tiger with an arrow, had cut the head off and carried it away as a trophy. The sarcastic friends of the would-be sportsman thereupon behind his back dubbed him "the Headless Tiger Slayer." Pig and porcupine comprise the usual diet of the tiger, they being more easily caught than the sambhur or neilgai. One frequently finds a splinter of porcupine quill above the pad of a tiger, the result of striking the quills. Soon after this I left Erinpura, which is a dreary hole and perfectly insufferable save for the shooting. There are plenty of black buck, and I never knew a place which contained more chinkara. I went out one morning and in a few hours killed seven chinkara buck; the horns of one extended to 13½ inches, a rare length. My next halting-place was Nowgong in Bundelkhand, a military station surrounded by a lot of small native states.

Tigers were scarce there and the native chiefs took very good care not to allow anyone, except perhaps a Political Officer, to have a shot at them. I killed a lot of sambhur (one very fine animal at Salut), black buck, wild boar and one lynx. The sambhur at Salut was a genuine wild one, but I never felt the same pleasure in shooting sambhur in native chiefs' preserves, where the animals bore the ap-

pearance of being half tame, as in shooting wild sambhur.

The first time I visited Salut, which lies about twenty miles north of Nowgong on the road to Banda, was in very peculiar circumstances. I would not mention them unless there was ample testimony to prove my statements.

One Saturday evening I was one of many guests at the Royal Artillery mess when the after-dinner talk was about black buck shooting. The young officer who was in temporary command of the battery stated that he had been to Salut for three days; that the black buck were so wild that it was impossible to obtain a fair shot and kill one; and he offered to bet a thousand rupees to one (equivalent to £100 to two shillings) that no one amongst the guests assembled could kill on any named day. This offer rather put me on my mettle; but before accepting the bet I inquired of the young officer what weapon he had used. He replied, "A .450 express." I then accepted his offer, though under unfavourable conditions, and guaranteed to kill a black buck on the following day with a 12-bore rifle, the trajectory of which is far inferior to that of an express, and is accurate up to 100 yards only. Colonel A—— P——, commanding 11th Bengal Lancers, expressed

a desire to back me for the same wager, but that offer was not accepted.

After leaving the mess house, I went home and changed my clothes, having ordered in the meanwhile the ordinary shigram (cab) to drive me to Salut, where I eventually arrived at daybreak on Sunday. At 10 a.m. a buck was sighted by me and killed, and I got back to camp about three in the afternoon. Needless to say I did not enforce the payment of the debt. I must apologise for this story, which looks like a boast, but, believe me, the black buck, however wild, is easy prey to the practised hand. There are some men who cannot shoot antelope however good they may be at target practice. I suppose they get excited and their hands shake when the forefinger is on the trigger.

After this I paid many visits to Salut, once in the company of Col. Y——, who in the Boer War led the retreat from Dundee in South Africa. On the second occasion I went (armed with an express) with Dr M—— of the 11th Bengal Lancers, when I secured during the three days' stay five fine buck. In fact, Salut is one of the best shooting centres in Bundelkhand.

I will now relate what happened to me on the occasion of one of my visits. I was told that a large

female panther and three cubs were doing a lot of mischief amongst the goats, sheep and dogs of the neighbourhood. Panthers, it should be noted, are always dangerous. They can climb trees, and on the plain can attack at a fearful pace, exceeded only by the cheetah. In addition to that, the panther is a comparatively small object to fire at. I soon took up the tracks of the family, finding them living in a deep burrow under an immense granite rock rising out of the plain. The rock was, roughly, twenty feet in diameter and twelve feet high. About thirty yards off rose another rock, slightly smaller and table-topped. There were karindah and other bushes round about the panther's home which I cleared away, leaving an open area of some thirty yards all round the rock. As the evening approached I took with me for bait a loudly-bleating she-goat, having left her kid at home. I tied the bait to a peg and waited for developments on the adjacent rock, rifle in hand. For three evenings I waited in vain, returning home with the goat each evening when it became too dark for operations. The panthers always waited until I had departed, when they continued their nightly depredations to the sorrow and loss of the poor natives. I then determined to alter my tactics and attack the panthers

with fire. Accordingly, on the fourth night I collected all the brushwood I had cleared, and secured it firmly with heavy stones against the two entrances to the underground passages leading to the abode of the panthers. I took with me two shikarees to stoke up all night, while I myself slept as well as I could on the table-topped rock adjoining, having my rifles handy. During the night the only sound disturbing my slumbers was the splintering of the granite in the intense heat. That night, however, there was no sign of the panther, though at daybreak the fire was still burning vigorously. I therefore went home, telling my men to keep the fires burning until midday. At two in the afternoon the ashes were nearly cold. There was a smell of burning fur, and on removing the *debris* we found at the mouth of one of the two entrances a panther cub stone dead, and at the other entrance two cubs, which were also dead. All of them, judging by the milk-white appearance of the eye-balls, had been blinded by smoke prior to suffocation. But where was the old panther? Was she dead? There was no sign of her, so before digging for her I told the shikarees to bank up the fires once more until dark, and, having done so, to leave the place until next day, when we would examine the entrances and dig

up if madam made no appearance. On the following day, on arriving at the rock, to our intense surprise we found that the panther had passed out over the dead ashes and had gone away. She evidently thought that Salut was too warm for her. We tracked her seven miles to a rocky hill honeycombed with caves, and the poor natives of Salut had thereafter peace and quietness. There may not be much sporting kudos in this event, but when public nuisances like panthers exist, and they will not play fair by coming into the open, I think it right, after all legitimate sporting processes have been adopted, to circumvent them by other means.

Returning to antelope shooting, some people stalk antelopes on their stomachs. Other people, again, conceal themselves behind bullock carts driven near the herd. I always walked in an upright position at my usual pace at an angle away from the buck, holding the rifle at "the advance," and taking care to conceal the weapon. In that manner I have never found any difficulty in approaching within two hundred yards or less of the quarry. The rifle I preferred for buck shooting was the military Henry Martini with express bullets. I once, and once only, used the .303 modern military

rifle with ordinary bullets. The projectile from this rifle travels so far that you may, without intention, kill harmless cultivators out of sight. I once wounded a buck with a bullet from a .303 rifle, and in following him found four or five natives in mortal terror with their faces on the ground, a mile from the spot where I had fired several shots. They told me that the bullets had passed dangerously close to them, frightening them out of their wits.

On another occasion I had a very narrow shave of killing a sporting native at Salut. I saw two buck, the heads of which were moving slowly through a half-grown jowaree field. The nearer horns being the longest, I selected the bearer of them as my objective. I had approached within three hundred yards when, to my great surprise, the black buck at which I was about to fire shed his head and horns, and a native shikaree emerged from underneath them with a rifle at his shoulder preparatory to firing at the leading buck. This, I may add, is a common device in India amongst natives of approaching the buck amidst high cultivation, though, as will be seen, a dangerous device if a sporting subaltern is about in quest of buck. Not many years ago in the East a holy man (fakir) had wrapped himself in a panther's skin and had gone to sleep

under a bush near a high road. A dashing young sportsman, new to India, came along and shot the ass, who had clothed himself in the lion's skin. It was bad for the fakir and unfortunate for the sportsman, for he never heard the last of that panther exploit, and probably never will if he lives to the age of Methuselah.

There was fine fishing in the tanks and mahseer in the Punna river, but the latter was a little too far away. I must say that the chiefs of Punna, Azaigurgh, Bijawaur, Alipura and Chutterpore were always hospitably disposed towards British officers, *but*, the two former kept their tigers, and I think I should do the same if I were in their position. Native chiefs in India are beginning to realise that to "cement friendship" with any great man who has the power to do them good or evil a tiger is a very valuable asset. Chiefs have been known even to trap and purchase tigers for a "State function." The great man departs bursting with pride after slaying the striped cat, little knowing that the animal had spent all his life behind iron bars until the State found it desirable to purchase him and let him go at the right time and place. I can assure my readers there is no romance in this statement. *I have seen tigers caught alive* for a State ceremonial,

but I will not mention the Maharajah who had the tigers caught.

Whilst on the subject of native chiefs I will take the opportunity of describing my experiences as a guest of a native Rajah who shall be nameless. He is dead and gone, and perhaps he was not answerable for a singular action which eventually occurred. Anyhow, both the Rajah and the Political Officer treated me handsomely under very peculiar circumstances. I was very anxious to obtain some really good black buck heads for the Yorkshire Light Infantry, a regiment famous for its gallantry in Africa. An ex-C.O., Col. S., who is dead and gone, was a friend of mine, and I promised him a dozen pair of horns.

The largest black buck in India are to be found on the Bikaneer Desert; the smallest, taking the average, in the Deccan. I went to neither of these places; but where I did go the heads were good and measured twenty-six and twenty-seven inches.

I found myself eventually installed with my servant in a marble palace fitted with carved fretted windows and lovely mosaic work on the snow-white marble walls outside (the mosaic representing birds, butterflies and flowers), a rose garden of acres near the palace, and a thousand fountains ready to play

on a "State occasion." I was not a big bug, so the fountains did not play on the occasion of my visit. There was a staircase leading up to the roof, where most people sleep just before the burst of the monsoon, when the atmosphere is hot and thick. Night watchmen were told off to guard me at night, whilst I, during the day, traversed the country in search of big-headed buck. I am not at present going to describe black buck shooting. Suffice it to say that I went daily in a native ekka (cart), always employing the same man and treating him well. In fact, I gave him the carcases of over twenty-five beasts, which he could dispose of easily in the bazaar for five to ten rupees. The driver, Laloo by name, appeared struck with the accuracy of my D B .500 express, and more than once asked me the cost of it. I told him the truth in saying it cost £35. He said, "You have only to hold the rifle up and the buck falls; it must be a very good rifle." I replied, "It is."

A few nights after, the night watchmen in going their rounds made such a row clearing their throats and grunting that I determined, fearing no harm, to dispense with their services. I called the men up next day and told them not to come again, as I could not sleep owing to the noise they made. The chow-

kidars, as they are called, willingly assented to remain away, and that night I slept in peace. My servant, who was a heavy sleeper and opium-eater, slept somewhere in the adjoining garden, and all my trunks, rifles, ammunition, etc., were downstairs in the large marble room. On the second night I slept the sleep of the just. I always kept my gun upstairs as well as my gold watch and chain. At daybreak succeeding the second night, my butler came with the tea, etc., and said, "Sahib! everything you possess has been stolen." True it was. The thieves had cleared everything except a solar topee (sun hat), for which I was thankful. No one was about, the police were a mile off and asleep, and I then found the value of a fair knowledge of tracking. In my pyjamas, and with the solar topee on my head, I took up the tracks, sending my butler in search of the drowsy police.

There were evidently three men in the job. I followed the footprints, rendered more marked by the carrying of heavy trunks, to a garden half a mile off. There I found the *debris* of my stock-in-trade. Clothes and banknotes (which they had overlooked) were there, but the rifle and all the cartridges had gone. Over the three distinct footprints I placed three garden pots. I clearly recog-

nised one of the tracks as belonging to Laloo, whom I had often noticed to possess a particularly small and effeminate foot. The other two prints were strange to me.

CHAPTER V

THE VALUE OF TRACKING

MEANWHILE a young Mahomedan policeman arrived on the scene and I told him what had occurred—that one of the thieves was Laloo and that the gang had gone off with about £150 worth of property, including a jewel case and the rifle. The policeman examined the tracks, but I saw at once that he was no expert in that line. I told him to get an ekka (cart) forthwith and drive to Laloo's house. Laloo's father was the Rajah's munshi (clerk). The father was there, but Laloo was absent, also Laloo's ekka was absent. I took up the wheel tracks, however, and Mahomed Khan, the policeman, and I followed them. We traced the tracks for ten miles (my costume still being pjyamas and sun hat) when we came to the British Frontier. I there spotted Laloo at once and jumped from the ekka. Laloo was standing outside the village, waiting apparently for

someone, and did not realise until I had seized him that I was his daily fare. I forgot to mention that I had brought a rhinoceros hide whip with me in case it might be useful. It was not then wanted. The policeman and I conducted Laloo by force to the Durmsala (rest house), and I got Laloo alone in a room with closed doors. Searching him, I found a medal (Northern India Rifle Association) which I had won, and which had been stolen, in his stomach-cloth, and an onyx stud in his puggry. I gave him five minutes to surrender the names of the other thieves and the hiding-place of the rifle, etc. He demurred. I was wild with rage, and gave him one swift cut with the rhino whip. It was enough. I found that his father was the instigator, that a policeman and an escaped prisoner were his abettors, and that all the property except the jewellery, which had been broken up, was eight feet deep in his father's garden. I reported the matter to the Political Resident and was told to make a list of jewels missing and the State would make good the price. A large sum of money came to me, but articles which I valued more than money could not be replaced. All the prisoners were caught and received sentence, but the Political Resident advised me to clear out, otherwise someone in that lawless State might take re-

venge on me. The rifle, etc., were found all right, not having been damaged by their short sepulture. But where indeed should I have been without a bit of training in tracking ?

I left the place shortly afterward and the last house belonging to the Rajah on the borders of the State was a Travellers' Rest. The punkah pole was of teak, weighing half a ton, and when, during breakfast, the pole crashed through the table, and I saw by examination that the cotton ropes had been half cut through wilfully, I began to think myself lucky that the pole had fallen at the wrong swing ; that is, away from me and not on to my head. It was even money whether I was killed or not, but the sweet little cherub that Jack says sits up aloft was on the punkah giving the office for a favourable fall. I never went near that native state again. I afterwards learnt that all three thieves were armed with native guns and slugs and intended shooting us if either I or my butler awoke. One of the thieves was wanted for murder at Ferozepore.

I shall never fail to preach to every would-be sportsman the invaluable use of tracking powers, not only after beasts, but after men. When I saw Jey Sing Naik travelling rapidly for hours over stones, and, on more than one occasion, bring me right up to

bison again, I envied him and worried him for information until I learnt many things regarding the signs which guided him. He has shown me blood of bison on the bark of trees where the beasts have leaned on their troublous way, marks which few men would have noticed. He has chattered along the trail, describing every movement of the beast as if the animal were before him. It was all Greek to me then, but I know a little of the grammar of it now.

I have met many native chiefs in India, including the late Sir Salar Jung, who kindly lent me three hunting cheetahs after buck, a favourite Oriental pastime which I will endeavour to describe. Near Hyderabad, Deccan, when Sir Salar Jung was Prime Minister, there existed south of Chudder Ghat an undulating grass country called "The Rumna," which was full of antelope. They were virtually preserved, for no one was allowed to hunt them with cheetahs or shoot them with a rifle without a written permit from the Durbar, and on the permit the number allowed to be killed by either of the above means was clearly set forth. I have already stated that the cheetah is, for a short distance—say five hundred yards—the fleetest animal on the globe, an opinion I maintain though

certain recent writers have given the palm of speed to the race-horse, the greyhound and a certain African antelope.

I received a permit to kill six black buck with Sir Salar Jung's cheetahs, and on reaching the Rumna I found each cheetah (there were three) on a separate uncovered bullock cart. They were all blindfolded by a hood or mask of leather. The carts were some distance apart, moving parallel with each other in search of buck. As soon as an antelope was sighted the nearest cheetah was hurried forward on the cart and generally succeeded in approaching within three hundred yards of the buck before the latter was alarmed. On the signal being given the hood was raised from the cheetah's eyes and he was allowed to have a good look at his quarry. This having been done, the slip was unfastened and the hunting leopard jumped from the cart, and, after creeping a short distance until the buck began to run, commenced his terrific chase. He never seemed to rise high from the earth. Nevertheless, by each bound he covered a tremendous length of ground. Generally the buck is seized by the throat within six hundred yards of the cart, but if the cheetah fails to catch within that distance he at once abandons the chase and stands still for his attendant to approach

and replace him on the cart. If, however, a buck is pulled down, the attendant hurries up, and, with a sharp knife opens the large artery inside the hind leg and draws off blood into a large long-handled wooden bowl. This tribute is offered to the cheetah, who then invariably lets go his grip on the throat of the buck to lap the blood. In the meanwhile another attendant slowly draws away the carcase from the cheetah, a matter of some delicacy and even danger.

Cheetahs in their wild state are not often met with by sportsmen, and how and where they are caught and how they are trained has always been a mystery to me. This much I do know, however, namely, that the animals must be full-grown when caught to be of any use in hunting the antelope, and that their training and care is almost always in the hands of Pathans (Afghans). At Jeypore there are cheetahs and a similar rumna. In fact, most Indian chiefs keep hunting cheetahs.

In my opinion there is a great difference between the old uneducated native chiefs and the modern article sent to the Mayo College, Ajmere, and elsewhere to be Europeanised. For choice I prefer the former; the latter, by their college education, only add European vices to those of the Asiatic. And this

reminds me of a quaint story which may amuse my readers. It is notorious that singular things occurred in Native States years ago to which our Government was blind. Some time ago an ambitious Political Officer went to the Foreign Office at Simla to interview the Foreign Secretary, who is now an Ambassador. The pushful one had a complaint that promotion was slow, and that Col. M., who held a very lucrative and desirable berth, was totally blind with one eye, and nearly blind with the other, and that he had consequently to fix his face so close to his correspondence that his nose pretty well obliterated what his pen had written. The ambitious one therefore suggested that it was high time Col. M. sailed for England to make way for men with clearer vision. The Foreign Secretary replied, "Col. M.'s blindness as a Political Officer is his greatest, if not his sole, recommendation; he is a most valuable official."

In these few words you may sum up the old policy of the Government of India as regards Native States. "Don't kick up a dust" was the advice given to every Political Officer as long as the revenues did not sink too low and as long as no great scandal was brought to light. I have heard such awful reports from Political Residents (one of whom was a near

relative of mine) as appeared to me incredible about no notice being taken of complaints to Government. As I said before, the greatest sin a Native State could commit was a serious falling off in its yearly revenue.

In the hot weather of 1885, whilst out shooting near Mount Abu, I met in different localities two men who were gathering sticks for their livelihood. Each of them was minus the right hand and the left foot. Feeling interest in so strange a matter, I inquired of them separately how they had been maimed. The answer was the same in both cases, namely, that they had been caught in the act of theft and the native chief had sentenced them to be deprived of the right hand and the left foot. These had been amputated and the stumps seared with red-hot irons. That was all the "first aid" vouchsafed to the poor criminals. The removal of the right hand was intended to lessen their ability to lift other people's property, and the amputation of the left foot to lessen their chance of escape. I asked the men why, after such fearful treatment, they had not petitioned the Political Agent, to which one of them replied that he still wished to retain his head. The other replied, "No good comes from complaining."

I am now writing, of course, of what occurred in

the eighties; but from what I have heard this has all changed now, and the bejewelled Rajah has to treat his subjects in the same way as natives are treated in British India. I hope this may continue.

Subsequently I found myself quartered at Neemuch in a non-military capacity. I very soon settled down in my new abode, and permanently engaged the best shikaree at so much per mensem. In addition to him I had other satellites in my employ who became in course of time very useful. The shikaree's name was Kistna, who was lately in the employ of General N. I was assured by my friends that the General had cleared the jungle of the feline race, and yet in the three years I was at Neemuch I managed, sometimes in company, to secure eleven full-grown tigers.

It is about some of these that I am now about to write. Neemuch has always been famous for its jungles and for trouble for sportsmen. Two officers stationed there had years ago been badly mauled, and whilst I was there two officers were killed, not by tigers, but in playing the popular game of polo. Both officers were friends of mine.

Kistna had not been accustomed to rig up machans, etc., as described, before the tiger kill, but he soon

fell in with my views. He was a very fair tracker and never led me a futile dance. If he said a tiger was there, a tiger was there sure enough. I could depend on his word, and what was of equal value, he took good care to post sentries all round the kill and prevent cattle or strangers disturbing the beasts.

Within a radius of thirty miles of Neemuch I had, as a rule, three buffaloes and three machans, and I was nearly always ready to start at short notice if Kistna sent for me. I had been a very short time there when he reported a large tiger at Jat, thirty miles north-west of Neemuch, on the borders of Odeypore territory. The tiger had killed and the machan was ready. I went out at once on a camel, with a blanket or so to lie under, and a basket of provisions for a twenty-four-hour trip. I arrived late at night and waited next day, fully expecting that the tiger would return to the kill. Something, however, had disturbed him, and he had left the neighbourhood. The fact was the machan was too near the village, and I told Kistna so. But, as luck would have it, the tiger and a panther were seen at daybreak drinking at a pool in a valley two miles from where I had encamped.

On the western side of the valley was a hillside covered with thorns and bushes ending twenty feet

from the summit in a perpendicular little cliff, under which there was a cattle way above the bushes. This way led to the plateau above by a narrow rugged path, and Kistna said, "That is the road the tiger will take to clear off, and that is the place for you to sit." The tiger had been seen to move towards this hill, and so had the panther. I had, as usual, a quiet beat. From my position on the summit I could not see the path except immediately below me, and the first animal to bolt was a hyæna—a verminous animal not worth firing at; but shortly afterward I noticed little birds dipping and rising on the hillside round the corner and nearing me as they did so. This is what all birds do when a tiger is moving in daylight, in order to show their instinctive animosity towards him. In another moment the tiger came full in view, ten yards from my position. I had taken the 12-bore to use first as the immediate effect of a spherical bullet from a 12-bore is greater than that from an express. I had also the .500 express to fall back upon, but I had no occasion to use it. The 12-bore proved sufficient. The tiger fell on his tracks and never moved a yard from the spot. It was a fine beast, and I afterwards ascertained that he had usually lived in caves, a habit most tigers adopt during the monsoon, but not at other times.

This tiger was 9 ft. 9 in. in length, with a belly nearly touching the ground. Having skinned him, I left Kistna in charge till the skin was dry and fit to be taken home. I myself returned at once to Neemuch. I never saw the panther. Doubtless he was there, but in thick jungle panthers take a lot of beating to make them shift.

I always skinned the tigers myself, and perhaps a few hints as to the *modus operandi* may not be out of place. First pull out all the whiskers, which can be replaced, and take off all the claws, which will be stolen if you do not do so. There are a few places in a tiger's skin which require particular attention. Firstly, the ears. You must virtually turn the ear inside out and remove the lumps of cartilage they contain. The gums behind the whiskers must be also carefully removed until the roots of the whiskers are reached. Every atom of fat must be scraped from tail and neck and belly before the skin is stretched. Beneath the skin put a layer of fine dry wood ashes, and peg out with bamboo pegs, the forearms at right angles to the body, the hind legs at an angle of forty-five degrees. Under the head put some newspapers to raise the head from the ground. After this has been done brush the whole skin with a solution of half carbolic acid and half water, and

leave it to soak for two hours. Finally cover the whole skin with fine wood ashes. I have seen so many fine skins lost to sportsmen and rendered worthless through neglect that I mention these things. The skin should always be dried in the shade and never in the sun. As a rule I put an awning over the skin if a very shady tree was not available. A skin thus dried for three days is ready for the taxidermist in England. Never have them tanned in India. You cannot get them done so well there as at home. In despatching skins to Europe they should be packed in hermetically-closed tin packages, and the sooner they are sent off the better. Plaster of Paris is, of course, the best absorbent, but wood ashes are a very good substitute.

I found an immense amount of antelope in the neighbourhood of Neemuch, and during the rains there are plenty of florican to be had as well as small game of every sort.

The next time I went out it was in company with Major R., Royal Artillery, and I shall relate in the following chapter how we at last secured a tigress which had baffled him. I had already sent Major R. and Lieut. F. (killed at polo afterwards) after this tigress and put them in the hands of Kistna, my shikaree, as I was busy at the time myself and could

not go. Major R., however, differed from Kistna as regards the position to take, and the tiger went as Kistna thought it would go, and R. never got a shot. It is a strange thing, but, as a rule, in the same beat, tigers take a similar route as those which have been killed in the same jungle have taken before, even to the passing over of identical rocks. Kistna probably knew this and Major R. did not. Lieut. F. from the opposite side of the valley saw the beast passing above and out of reach of Major R.

CHAPTER VI

MEN WHO WANT TO SEE TIGERS

MAJOR R., whom I shall hereafter call R. for brevity, started with me on a ten days' trip for the Khoki Ravine. We had no particular information about game, but I knew we were bound to find a few bears if nothing else. He took his violin, and I took my banjo, on which I was a poor performer, to amuse ourselves at night. The ravine lies about twenty miles north-east of Neemuch, and is divided into two portions—the first lying fairly due north, when it turns at a right angle due east and west ; the easterly part travelling about two miles in a direct line, when it twists again due north for a couple of miles. We encamped at the lower end of the ravine, with my henchman Kistna in attendance. Whilst he was scouting we amused ourselves by killing some of those beautiful egrets, then in full plumage, adorned with those slender feathers which the female world so much admire, and for which such high prices are paid. Very shortly Kistna came and told us that a Bheel had seen a very large panther in the upper

Khoki. I gave R. choice of seats, and I took up my position on a rocky point east of the ravine. The cliffs on either side were about five hundred feet high, and the pass was roughly one hundred yards wide. Green bushes and grass grew in the centre and there was excellent cover for game. R. mounted a tree in the centre, armed with his double-barrelled rifle, which was slung by a strap over his shoulder. I had my express. There were about forty beaters, and the beat commenced where the gorge was at least five hundred yards wide, close to the spot where R. and F. had made a mess of a tiger some time before. As the beat advanced, the gorge narrowed. We waited for a long time and no beaters appeared, and I was surprised to see Kistna with a very anxious face approaching me. Kistna came up to me and said, "Sahib, there is a tigress here and she won't be forced up the ravine, but is facing the beaters trying to break through in the opposite direction." This being the case, I called quietly to R. and told him to come down and join the beaters with me, as the beaters would not advance without us. R. had his hand on the last branch of his tree prior to sliding down the trunk when I saw the tigress approaching. I shouted just in time to R. to pull himself back sharp. The tigress went for him but missed him by

three feet or so in her leap. R. got his rifle ready at once and had a shot. I heard an angry growl as the tigress passed northwards into a dense patch of karindah and jaman bushes. The beast had evidently been hit, how badly it was impossible to say, and it would have been absolute murder to have made the beaters advance.

I thought the matter over, and told Kistna that there was only one course open to us. A village lay a mile off above the tiger, and I directed Kistna to hasten there over the cliffs and collect a herd of domestic water buffaloes and put them in from above and reverse the beat. Kistna and the coolies all climbed to the top of the cliff and went to the village. There is nothing a tiger dreads more than a combined charge of a herd of buffaloes. Collectively they will face any tiger; individually, they are its prey. Whilst these arrangements were being made, R. and I kept a sharp lookout. I told Kistna that I expected when the buffaloes were in the jungle that the tigress would come out about eighty yards from me. In about two hours the beat began again, and the buffaloes approached. Suddenly there was a rush of hoofs as the herd charged on viewing the tigress. She came out to me, as I expected, and I broke her neck with a single bullet. R.'s bullet had

simply ripped her chest, infuriating her without doing mortal damage. I learnt afterwards that this tigress had had more than one escape from the hands of shikarees, and was well known to the Central India Horse. She was not very heavy, but more of a greyhound in appearance, and measured 8 ft. 9 in.

We returned to camp, and during the next few days sat over a cave at dusk and bagged a couple of bears. R. had a narrow escape. Had his hand left the last bough, he could not have got out of the tigress's reach in time. Kistna told me afterwards, that had he known it was a tigress he would not have dreamt of trying to force her up the ravine, as her natural route was where he had wished R. to wait for her some days before. On one occasion I lost one of two tigers by attempting to drive them against the grain. You should always drive a tiger *in the direction his tracks came from, and not in the opposite direction.*

We returned to Neemuch fairly satisfied with our outing. A few days after an American visited me with a lot of illustrated Bibles, and as he saw numerous horns and skins about the place, he asked me where I got them, and in reply I waved my hand round about generally. He offered me the finest Bible on earth or $500 in cash if I would show him a tiger. I

thought the man was mad, but he told me afterward that he had spent a lot of money down at Hyderabad in the Deccan on the promise that he should see a tiger, but he had never seen one. He mentioned names I knew, but I told him I was surprised that he, a shrewd American, could suppose that the Hyderabad nobles would show sport to an absolute stranger. All he said was, "Is that so?" He was a funny man. Finding Bibles not in my line, he produced some of the most cut-throat books ever issued by the American Press. With a B.-and-S. we parted friends. He assured me that he would not leave Hindustan (pronounced with a twang) until he had seen the king of cats, in a wild state, in the flesh and had slain him. I wished him luck and ordered his vehicle.

Some friends of mine in the Royal Artillery also asked me if I would show them a tiger. There was Colonel G. (since dead) and Captain L., the son of a celebrated music composer, both of them first-class company and the best of fellows. Colonel G. died of apoplexy at Aden. He was a quick-tempered man, but his heart was in the right place. A kinder man never breathed. The Tommies called him "Bloody George." I do not know why, unless his speech on parade perhaps warranted the sobriquet. I always found a hospitable welcome at the R.A.

mess, so I promised them that on the very next occasion Kistna reported tigers I would tell them, and take them out; but I warned them that a sportsman's luck was fickle, and they must not abuse me if they came back without seeing anything. Colonel G. screwed up his eyes and, smiling, said, "I'll willingly go on the offchance."

It was not long before Kistna, having under my instructions tied up a buffalo in a nullah ten miles east of the Khoki Ravine, reported two tigers, and requested me to come at once. I found that Colonel G. could not go just then, so I sent a speedy messenger on camel to Kistna, thirty miles off, to tie up another buffalo, and, if necessary, a third until we could come out. At last the eventful day arrived. Colonel G., Captain L., R .and myself left cantonments in tongas early and travelled as far as tongas (two-horse traps) could go. The last eight miles had to be negotiated on foot. I took the party where the third buffalo had been tied, and gave them an idea where the buffalo should be placed in regard to surrounding circumstances. Slowly we described a great circle to avoid making any noise, and cut the watercourse again a mile ahead. The retreat for the tigers was ideal—dense grass and karindah bushes. Casting lots for places, Colonel G. and L. had the flank

machans, and R. and I the two centre ones. Colonel G. was a rather heavy traveller, and knocked the rocks about a good deal in reaching his perch. We were soon, however, all tight in our respective places, R. only about sixty yards from me but with thick jungle intervening. The tigress first came out and stood under R.'s tree. He shot her dead with a single bullet. Next came the great male tiger. Trotting quietly under my tree, I gave him two bullets and he fell. Colonel G. had a wang at him as the beast passed me, and the bullet hissed through the tree in which I was sitting. There was, however, no need for his shot; my two spherical bullets had been enough. So we all got down, had a good luncheon, and the R.A. officers eventually went home supremely happy. But these excursions do not always turn out like this, and I was more than glad not to have disappointed my friends. When you take people out you feel more chagrined if things turn out unluckily than if you go out alone without getting a beast. My tiger was 9 ft. 7 in., very plump and fine. I did not measure R.'s tigress.

I subsequently took out Lieutenant F., a quiet young fellow in the R.A., and put him up a tree in the lower Khoki Ravine, to try his maiden hand at a bear. He was a phlegmatic youth and not easily excited,

giving promise of being an A1 shot and sportsman. He got his bear all right, and I promised him a shot at a tiger under Kistna's guidance, even if I could not accompany him. I had sent him previously with R., but all that F. saw was the tiger (which turned out to be the tigress I killed) in the distance. Not long after I told F. I had a tiger marked down for him, that Kistna was waiting, but I could not go owing to duty. F. ordered his tonga and prog, and I advised him to start about 5 p.m. and beat for the tiger next day. That very evening some polo players came up to F. and asked him to postpone his departure for an hour, as they were short of a man to make up a polo set. F. was a kind and obliging youth, and consented, and thereby not only lost his tiger but his life. There was a bad collision, and F.'s skull was fractured at the base. I sat up with him till 1 a.m., and again returned at sunrise, only to find that he was gone. I had no heart to go after the tiger, but told Kistna to let things stand for the present and not tie up another buffalo.

When I saw F.'s people in England they were most kind to me, and I observed that the bear's skin, the poor boy's solitary trophy, held a conspicuous place on the wall facing the staircase.

The Khoki Ravine was a place to which I not only

went myself very often, but I sent young fellows out also, as a bear is a very good training for young men commencing big game shooting. There was an old bear there who met a woman at daybreak whilst she was picking sticks. The beast literally disembowelled her with one stroke of the paw. I found that bear on a hill and wounded him, and he bolted into the plain. The nearest cave from where I stood on the hill was only 800 yards off, but for the bear to reach it from the plain necessitated a walk round the base of the hill, double the distance. I waited at the mouth of the cave, and presently I saw my friend moving uphill very slowly for his sanctuary. I sat quiet until he was close up and then got him all right. He was not particularly large, but he had an evil character and his death put a nuisance out of the way. Subsequently I heard that two more bears living in the last cave were a source of fear to the villages. They were marked in by tracks, but, as I could not move them by smoke, sulphur or rockets, I walled them in, after setting fire to dry trees covered with paraffin inside the holes. I had the satisfaction of knowing that those bears never left that hole again, though I should have preferred killing them in the orthodox way.

CHAPTER VII

HOW TO MAKE A PANTHER TRAP

PANTHERS live underground, whence they are beaten out with difficulty. Some sportsmen sit near a live goat as the sun goes down, but that is a wearisome and disappointing business. I always had a trap constructed, whether in the jungle or in cantonments, and the way a trap is made is as follows.—The main body is very similar to the common mouse-trap on a large scale, but beyond the bars facing the hook and bait is a separate compartment, attached to the main body. In this a live dog or goat is placed through a separate door. The whole structure, composed of seasoned wooden bars 3 in. in diameter and 1 in. apart, is about 10 ft. long, 4 or 5 ft. wide, and 5 ft. high. The framework is of course thicker than the side bars.

I generally attached shallow wooden wheels with iron axles to the base of the frame to facilitate transport. The trap is put in a place a panther is known to frequent, and the dog's door is surrounded with thick thorns to prevent the panther clawing at that

end. As night approaches, the dog or goat whines or bleats, unaccustomed as it is to solitude. The meat must be a bit high. The panther enters the door and makes for the live bait. Finding it barred off, the offal is seized, and at daybreak you will find the live bait trembling but uninjured, and the panther trapped, the heavy door having dropped as he seized the meat. Most of the panthers I have killed I have caught in this way and let them out to have a run for their lives, and the only accident was that already described.

There is a vast difference in the size of panthers as well as in their colour. Some people assert that there are two distinct varieties, and this has always been a much-debated point.

I caught several panthers, large and small, at Neemuch, and generally took out with me some youngster to have a shot. On two occasions I let out panthers on the racecourse, near the Towers of Silence, to be speared. The first one played the game and rushed away with the field after him, and was duly speared. On the last occasion, however, an extraordinary incident occurred. The beast was very large and almost chestnut in colour, and the door was duly opened by a pulley arrangement. The trap was near the grass-racing stable. The

panther refused to budge and the sun was going down. I always took a rifle with me in case of accidents, and I fired a low shot to raise the dust near the cage. At last the panther came out, but made at once for the stables and began to romp backwards and forwards inside them. One side of the shed was almost entirely open, but still we could not shift him for the horsemen. In desperation we fired the stables and, strange to say, the panther never attempted to stir. He preferred being roasted to facing the music.

The Bheels have a very ingenious method of killing porcupine, which they highly esteem for food. It is known that these creatures cannot live after three days without water, and porcupine holes are also easy to find. The Bheels heap large stones on two long logs covered with boulders. These are supported on the outside, and the support is connected with an animal's sinew, driven into the earth under the logs barring the porcupine's only exit. The rodent, in his anxiety to get out of the hole, gnaws through the sinew in his path, when an avalanche of rock falls on him and crushes him to death. The structure is at once repaired, and every porcupine in the hole is subsequently bagged.

Tiger traps similar to panther traps are made on

a large scale. A certain Maharajah I knew caught tigers for State functions, and the beasts were kept in a Zoo until the opportune moment arrived for re-transferring them to the jungle. Tigers, however, are not by any means so ready to enter a trap as is a panther.

CHAPTER VIII

A RED-LETTER DAY

I AM now going to describe what fortunately turned out to be a " Red-Letter Day."

A connection of mine, a young subaltern, was staying with me. He was also of the Royal Artillery, B. by name. He, too, had never seen a tiger in its wild state, so I despatched Kistna to Jat, and told him where to tie up and where to fix the machans, while we awaited events. The very next day a messenger came in calling for us immediately. He arrived at 8 p.m., and at 4 a.m. on the following day we were off by tonga and riding camels to the rendezvous thirty miles away. Kistna told me that there were at least two tigers in the beat. A terrible dust-storm was blowing, the sky had a pea-soup complexion, and I feared there would be a shower. The ravine wherein the tigers lay was very thick, dense bushes and thorns ending in a comparatively clear plain. I put my friend in the best place and told Kistna to use crackers, of which he always had a supply. B.'s machan was at the northern end of the ravine

whilst I was 300 yards away on the southern side. The beat began and the first beast to appear was a tigress. My friend missed her with the right barrel but snicked her spine with the left, thus paralysing her. He then fired a lot of unnecessary shots and rather damaged the skin. The second tigress appeared, when history repeated itself, and again my friend fired too often.

A large male tiger now appeared, which B. missed clean, and he bolted back into the jungle. I was in great trouble and feared that the beaters would fare badly after this heavy firing, and that the tiger would never show again. Kistna and the beaters shouted aloud and I knew the tiger was in full view and facing them. Fortunately he turned and came rapidly past my perch. I had a sharp shot between two trees, but I heard the 12-bore spherical bullet go home. I watched the tiger until he went over a ridge and disappeared, and now the great difficulty commenced, for parallel to the machans, and 700 yards off, ran a watercourse, on the reverse side of which a lot of coolies were cutting grass for thatching purposes. In this watercourse was a pool about fifteen yards wide. On the reverse side to us was a rocky bank with a cave four feet deep and turning inwards at right angles to the left. From a fissure in the rock

on the left blood was slowly dripping, so it was evident that the tiger was there. One foolhardy simpleton wanted to enter the cave with a drawn sword, but that would have been certain death for him. Kistna could not be found. He always was a cautious man, though he had many good points. I determined to fire the cave from above, and a man, covered by our rifles, piled thatch grass into the cave with a long hay prong. Warning B. not to fire in a hurry, and having made everyone clear out except ourselves—we were standing twenty yards from the mouth of the cave, the pool intervening—I told the man above to fire the grass, sending him a box of matches for the purpose. I also told him to run directly the grass was on fire. The strong breeze was blowing clean into the cave, and no sooner had the grass got fairly alight than the tiger sprang through the flames, burning his whiskers a bit, and jumped into the pool in order to get at us. My friend missed him in the water with both barrels. I waited and fired at him when only four yards off. The bullet passed through his brain. He sank, signalling his defeat by a twitch of the tail as he went to the bottom of the blood-stained pool. There were only two bullets in the body. Both were spherical, and both were mine.

I found that my friend had been firing with a .440 bullet in a .450 barrel, in which you could drop the bullet from muzzle to breach. It is this inattention to small details that often causes disaster. I was surprised at a youth in a scientific corps attempting to face dangerous game in this slack way. It is a wonder he hit the tigresses at all. I had sent for an elephant that day from the Commissariat, and we loaded the three tigers on him and returned to camp. I was up till 2 a.m. skinning the beasts.

I think the tiger leaving the cave with a roar through the flames was the finest sporting spectacle I have ever seen. I doubt if any artist could give full effect to so fine an incident. My first bullet had struck him on the off shoulder, and was found lodged under the skin of the near hind leg, having traversed his entire body. Nevertheless, he was full of life and force, though, from internal bleeding, he might have died miles away within twenty-four hours from the first shot alone.

A few days after we heard of a tiger in the upper Khoki Ravine, but he had gone by the time we arrived, and we followed him for many miles. They told me that there was a panther in the lower Khoki, so I sent for Kistna. Before he arrived I noticed a Sowar of the Central India Horse in the village, so I

suspected there was more than a panther somewhere near, and that the Sowar was a fore-runner arranging for his officers. I told Kistna to go to the ravine and tie up a buffalo and make two machans at once. It was an easy ravine to beat, 100 yards wide, with high cliffs on either side, and ending in a *cul-de-sac*. The buffalo was killed at once by a male tiger (the footprints of the male and female differ, those of the males being rounder), and we on the morning of the kill were eight miles away after bears. However, we reached the village about 3 p,m. My machan was only eight feet from the ground, and I thought it better to sit in it myself. The tiger was in a boggy swamp at the end of the ravine, so deep in some places as to be dangerous to tread on.

Fireworks had again to be used. For a long time the beast refused to leave the swamp. In the meanwhile I was attacked by red ants from a hole in the tree, which was not calculated to keep one motionless, but I rammed the puggry off my helmet into the hole and managed to keep them inside temporarily. It was a fine sight at 4 p.m. to see the tiger approach. He had bushy whiskers and halted about every ten steps to look around him. The monkeys were cursing in the trees (there were lots of them), and the screeching of the peacocks did not concern the tiger

a bit. He was searching for man. I sat quite tight till he was up to my tree and then gave him two rapid bullets behind the shoulder, and he curled up dead at the root of the tree.

He was a thick-set fellow 9 ft. 3 in. in length. After this I sent my friend, armed with my rifle, to Jey Sing Naik in the Aseerghur jungles with a letter requesting Jey Sing to show him a couple of bull bison. I sent him by rail to Mhow, and thence, through Kergaon, to Kakria on a riding camel, where Jey Sing met him.

I had a pause after this. Bad luck set in, and I shall describe how, by being civil and by taking out another friend, I lost at least three tigers. People must remember that a lot of expense is entailed in this pastime. Buffaloes cost money, and so do shikarees, and one likes to be fairly sure of the reward when opportunities occur. To have five tigers in a beat and only secure one, owing to want of practice on the part of others, is a bit rough on the sportsman, whatever it may be on the tigers.

CHAPTER IX

A MEDICINE FOR TIGER BITES

BEFORE finishing the Neemuch tigers I will give an account of two more. Captain D., a friend of mine, was yet another who wished to interview a tiger, so I took him out with me. There is a ravine dividing Odeypore from Pertabgurgh territory south of Neemuch. It has no particular name. Kistna got information that a cow was lying dead in the sandy bed with a tiger watching hard by. No machans had been made, but, with D., I watched through my glasses a swarm of vultures about the cow. Now and again they flew off in a hurry, and I heard, but did not see, the tiger, who was scaring off the vultures. Nothing came of this affair. The tiger got clear away without either of us seeing it. A short time afterward a tiger was seen to enter a patch of grass in the same ravine, so I put D. in the best place in a teak tree and got into another tree myself. Both trees were very short, and we reached our perches by a portable bamboo ladder which I kept for unprepared

occasions such as this. I particularly asked D. to seat himself so that his rifle had a clear sweep from right to left, and if any leaves or branches were in the light to cut them away. The beaters entered the grass and three solid tigers passed within sixty yards of D.'s tree and yet no shot was fired. A fourth broke out unexpectedly on the other side of the ravine, 120 yards from me, and I wounded him. The beaters, thinking all was over, came along laughing and chattering, but wondering too why D. had not responded to so tempting an invitation. Suddenly there was a roar, and a beater found himself in the grip of a tigress, the fifth still left in the grass. I called to D. to descend at once, and we ran for the man. Meanwhile the tigress had left him, and a staunch friend had pulled the wounded man out of the grass. He was badly mauled about the leg, and was at once despatched to hospital. I put D. high up in a tree, and brought up an elephant, with its mahout and another man, with the intention of mounting the elephant myself. Directly the elephant approached the grass up went her trunk, after which she took a line of her own, straight through the trees, regardless of over-hanging branches, and nearly Absalomed the mahout and the beater. The latter was wise and rolled off, falling

heavily. This elephant was reported to be a game animal and fit to face a tiger, but I learnt something of her history afterwards, which proved her to be a cur. In fact, she had already caused the death of one sportsman.

I was standing on the bank by the grass and told D. to fire at anything resembling a tiger. He fired about eight shots and still there was silence. At last a smart boy Bheel came to me and said he could see the tigress from a point higher up, whither he took me. I then saw the brute crawling along and got in two shots which killed her. She had been wounded fourteen days before by T., a young engineer. On that occasion a man was badly mauled, and this was the tigress whose fourteen-feet leap, marked on the bark of a tree, I have already mentioned. After the affair was over and I had abandoned the other wounded tiger, whose tracks led through long grass, I asked D. for an explanation. As I thought, he had omitted to cut away the large teak tree leaves, and could not see the tigers to fire at. I was very sick, I can tell you, over the whole job. The mauled man's limb was saved, but it was always more or less withered and thinner than its fellow. I went to see the man who had been mauled by the same tigress fourteen days before and found

his back covered by his friends with cow dung (anything to hide the hideous sores). I had him also conveyed to hospital, where he recovered. It was a marvel blood-poisoning had not set in long before. The man most certainly would have died under the cow-dung treatment. As it was, four months elapsed before he was discharged from hospital.

After this I killed yet another tiger near Jat, but there was nothing particularly interesting about the affair. I killed my last Neemuch tiger shortly after this, but he was a dwarf, with thick hair quite an inch long all over his body. The circumstances were as follows. One Saturday night in 1888 I heard, by messenger (I had many retainers), that a tiger had killed a zemindar's cow eighteen miles off in Pertabgurgh territory. I took a tonga early on Sunday with a small bamboo ladder. The place was exactly like a horse's hoof lying heel away from me. I stood on the circle of the hoof, looking at a raised point corresponding to the frog, while the tiger was lying on a rock on the so-called frog. I sat quietly, having a long day before me and plenty of time to arrange the campaign. Now and again a panther came to the carcase of the cow, which I could see lying thirty yards below the tiger, but in a moment the tiger went for the panther. The presence of the latter was a god-

send, as he kept the tiger there watching his victuals. Kistna was away, and I had a local policeman with me who had learnt a little in frequent excursions with me. I made a great detour and got behind the tiger. Planting my ladder against a sal tree, and sitting on the top rung but one, I sent the policeman back with instructions to go to the spot from which we had watched the tiger and show himself clearly to him. It turned out to be a lucky business. The tiger came at once to my ladder and I had an easy shot, and killed him. The beast was old, and 8 ft. 1 in. only in length—quite a dwarf, but its fur was lovely. I went back, tiger and all, to Neemuch, and met my friends in the Ochterloney, one of whom (Captain L.) asked me what I had been doing. I told him, "As usual—tigers," and he laughed at me until I took him to my house and showed him the dwarf.

In March 1889 I thought of going to the Aseerghur jungles. One night at the R.E. mess I was talking to a newly-arrived subaltern, P. by name, and he told me that he and two other novices had tried the Bhosawul jungles, and that one spotted deer was all his share of the trophies after six weeks' work, and that he had spent a lot of money for nothing. P. had never seen a bison. He was a fine man, six feet

in his socks, was once in the Cambridge University crew, and was a wrangler. He looked strong, and as I knew him to be a fair shot and very good-tempered, I invited him to accompany me. He had a tonga of his own and we took a new route, starting from a station below Mhow and driving eighty miles to Jey Sing's village, which I always called Jey Singpore. Jey Sing was at home, but getting very old and disinclined for much active work, so he lent me a few reliable men, and sent us on to a plateau ten miles ahead, where the tonga could not go. We had, against my usual custom, taken eighty-pound field-service tents with us. On arriving in camp we settled ourselves comfortably, and sent the Bheels out in the morning. They soon came back and told me that seven bison were grazing three miles off. P., who could not talk Hindustanee, asked me the news, but I kept it back from him.

I asked P. to get ready and vaguely hinted that we might see something. As we neared the plateau I gave him my glasses and directed his attention to the sky-line of the hill, when he at once saw two or three bison. Making due allowance for wind, I led him to within eighty yards of the herd, and we managed to secure three bulls, and he also shot a cow. I had explained how to distinguish the bulls from the cows,

but that being his first interview with bison, the offence was pardonable.

In that week we bagged eight bull bison, but there was only one very large one, and his death only is of interest.

One afternoon, the 28th of March, P. and I divided and walked up a broad valley which was full of bison and sambhur tracks. I saw a sambhur ahead of P. and sent him off to stalk it. He had hardly started when, on my right, on the hillside, I spotted ten bison, one a very large one leading the van. I approached within 120 yards and gave him two bullets from my .500 express. The herd galloped over the brow of the hill and were lost to view. I was all alone and followed the tracks, which led me into another valley, at the bottom of which was a dry nullah ringed with bamboo clumps. I was examining the footmarks in the nullah when I heard a rustle, and I followed the sound. The sun was just above the horizon, the hour was late, and the bull, evidently hard hit, stood at forty yards between me and the setting sun. I fired two rapid shots, both of which took effect. P., hearing the firing, and having lost his sambhur, now came up, and we continued to follow the blood and tracks into dense jungle full of grass four feet high and bamboo clumps. I told P.

it would be folly to enter the grass so late, as in all probability the bison would charge and we should be taken at a disadvantage. We therefore returned to camp, meeting some of our men on the way, who had heard the firing.

Next day we took a couple of men with us and soon found fresh traces of the bison on the ground where he had reclined, and on the trees whereon the blood was still wet. The jungle got still thicker, and every time we approached the bison, he, hearing us amongst the bamboos, moved on for four or five hundred yards. Getting tired of this, I told P. to keep with the trackers and I would make a big detour ahead, taking the general line of the bison as a guide, and endeavour to head him. The plan succeeded. P. and the trackers, after they had given me a fair start, moved on, and I got a fair broadside at the bison at sixty yards. I then waited for P. and the trackers. We were consulting what to do next (as there were no trees to climb to get a view) when we heard a rush through the grass and the bison came straight as a line downhill for us. I found P. as steady as a rock. We fired four barrels, which all despatched their contents into the bison, and he dropped seven yards from us stone dead. The head was a fine one, nineteen inches round the base of horns, and I gave it to

my friend General G., Commanding Mhow Division, as promised.

After this three tigers were marked into a ravine; but before the beat commenced, P. dropped with heat apoplexy from his seat. There was nothing left for me to do but take him home as fast as possible. P., though strong in appearance, was not really strong, which provides another proof that the severe training a University crew undergoes for the yearly race leaves permanent injury on some of the men engaged.

Another fact, too, contributed to his illness. He had an enormous appetite and was unaccustomed to short jungle commons. That and the tent settled him. I am glad to say that he recovered his health after a bit, but eventually he returned to England to die. I never used a tent again. A mango tree is infinitely better than a tent for shade by day, but nothing equals a grass hut. This was the last time I ever took a companion out with me. I have no doubt if P. had not been taken ill we should have made a very fine bag. As it was, we got some sambhur as well as bison, but no tiger.

CHAPTER X

JUNGLE COMPANIONS

A FEW remarks on Brahmins, Brinjaras and Bheels which it has been my good, or bad, fortune to meet in my travels may be of interest to all those who like to observe "other men and other manners." To begin with the Brahmins. With all due respect to their caste, I consider the Brahmin to be the most mischievous class in the whole of Western and Central India. Their power is enormous amongst the lower castes; they regard the Brahmin as a demi-god. In fact they stand pretty well in the same relation to other Hindoos as the priests do to the poor in Ireland, with this important exception—that the priest very often exercises his power for the good of the poor, while the Brahmin works solely in his own interest. The Brahmin is the sworn enemy of the British sportsman, for the slaying of all animals is against his creed. You may set out on a hunting expedition provided with an order from a Hindoo Court through a Political Agent for supplies in the remote villages, situated near the jungles; but if the Tehsildar

happens to be a Brahmin, the durbar order is not worth the paper it is written on. In the Native Army I have often heard a non-commissioned officer address a private in the ranks as "Maharajah" (great King). This is, of course, all wrong and subversive of all discipline, and yet the non-commissioned officers of low caste durst not report a Brahmin for misbehaviour. A British commanding officer might just as well address a subaltern on parade, "Will your Royal Highness kindly dress your company."

I believe that the Brahmins are now being eliminated from the Native Army, and not a minute too soon, for if ever a mutiny arises again in India you may swear to it that the Brahmins will be at the root of the mischief. Because of their intelligence and high education the Brahmins hold an immense number of the subordinate official posts in India. They are good scholars and particularly great mathematicians. A friend of mine, I may say, was tutored by a Brahmin at Poona for the Staff College Examination with great success. In fact, he had been tutored so excellently that the examiners were more than curious to ascertain how correct deductions in higher mathematics had been arrived at, the methods used being totally different, and more rapid, than those of the European systems. Nevertheless,

Brahmins are a crafty, rapacious caste. During the famine of 1894 and 1895, when Mr R., a Famine Commissioner, was murdered, they caused considerable trouble to the Bombay Government. I therefore advise every Indian sportsman to give all Brahmins a wide berth. Brahmins eat nothing but cereal food, and consequently their blood is cooler than that of meat eaters. Vegetarians will also be pleased to know that, if wounded, the cereal-eating Brahmin soon recovers, as will be seen in the following instance. My friend, Major R., commanding a Mountain Battery at Jacobabad, had a Brahmin writer and a Sikh orderly. During the absence of Major R. the Sikh took the writer round the Major's rooms, to show him all the funny European things lying about. First taking the Major's sword, the orderly enlarged on its cutting powers, and next he took up an army revolver. Thinking it to be unloaded, he cocked and levelled it at the writer, and having pulled the trigger shot him through the body. The orderly, seeing the writer drop, was naturally much troubled, but after the writer had spent seven days in the hospital, though the bullet was never extracted, he was able to resume his duties, whereas a Mahomedan or a European would probably have died of peritonitis.

The Brinjaras, on the other hand, are nomadic in their habits. They are the great grain and wood carriers of Central India. The men and women are both tall and handsome. They own immense herds of cattle and find favour in the territories of Hindu Rajahs, where the cow is worshipped. The males in Central India are armed with sword and spear, and their chief sport is the pursuit of wild pig, for which purpose they breed a very powerful dog, known as the Brinjara dog. In appearance this dog resembles an English lurcher, but the Brinjara dog is feathered about the limbs and ears, and must have some family connection with the Persian greyhound, which it strongly resembles, though it is built on more massive lines.

Eight or ten dogs are employed for the hunt, and are trained to hang on to the ears of the boar until the men arrive and despatch it with spear thrusts. The spear blades are large and broad, and the shafts are three times as thick as those used for hog-hunting on horseback. The hunters have no regard for sex, for they kill sows as well as boars indiscriminately. The Brinjara women wear a high-peaked headdress, and their ornaments, especially their earrings and bracelets, are of wrought gold and very costly. During a Brinjara festival the men drink heavily;

but when sober their sword dances are very interesting to watch. They never failed to give me a performance if I happened to be near their headquarters during the Hooli.

The Bheels, again, are a timid race and very dirty. They too have their stick dances during the Hooli. They also were always ready to give me a performance, knowing full well that a flowing bowl of grog would be their reward at its conclusion. The Bheels in Meywar have a curious custom, the *raison d'etre* of which I never ascertained. Once a year (I think about Christmas) a party of young men assemble to hunt the robin, not with sticks or weapons, but by literally running the robin down to exhaustion, a very much greater feat than anyone would imagine who has never tried it. Boys at school hunt the wren with sticks; but the Bheels never stop running after the poor bird until they have caught it. These hunts mostly occur in low jungle, where there are no high trees for a bird to alight on. The champion runner who seizes the bird, brings it to the officer or superior he most admires, and always expects a reward.

I have watched Bheels running down and killing peacock with bows and arrows, but the peacock is pretty well exhausted after one or two flights, and falls an easy victim to the arrow. The Bheels have

also a curious idea of the surgical skill of the jackal. On a certain occasion I wounded a bull neilgai and it escaped, whereupon a Bheel came up and said, "That neilgai will soon be well, for whenever one is wounded a jackal runs alongside him with a pan leaf in its mouth and cures him by plastering the wound." In this case, however, the jackal was off duty or something, as I found the bull an hour after, and it was then dead.

The neilgai, though considered by Hindoos as belonging to the bull tribe, and held sacred accordingly, is classed by naturalists as an antelope. If they think no one is looking Bheels shoot neilgai, though, being Hindoos of low caste, they are supposed to venerate it. Bheels, in addition to being very dirty are also superstitious, and were always interpreting the hooting of owls and jackals into portents mostly connected with my chances of sport on the following day. As a people they rarely live to any great age. During the monsoon large numbers of them are killed by fever, and intoxicants also work great havoc among them. Their women are hags at twenty and very ugly. The man Bheel, if he takes to you, is faithful to a degree unrivalled by any other class of native I have ever met with in the wilds of India. I will now record some odd native beliefs which have

come under my observation, and also describe the method generally adopted to destroy the cobra when found in dwelling-houses.

It is not generally known that the anatomy of the tiger is peculiar. I allude to what were undoubtedly in past generations "collar bones." They lie embedded in the pectoral muscles, are about two inches in length, and separated from any other bones in the animal's body. I have been informed that the rabbit possesses the same peculiar bones.

Native bankers prize these tiger bones very highly and place them in their treasure chests, imagining thereby that the rupees will be safe from theft.

Tigers' fat is used by natives throughout India as a lubricant for rheumatism; and chopped tigers' whiskers, mixed with food, are often used as an irritant poison. But, of course, they are no more poisonous than any other bristle.

Amongst the hill tribes on the north-west frontier the dried gall-bag of an ibex is much valued; the bag, when rubbed on the eyes of those suffering from ophthalmia, is regarded as a sure cure for that disease. Regarding that deadly reptile the cobra, and its destruction when found in dwelling-houses, I cannot do better than describe what I have seen with my own eyes.

A large number of the houses in India are built of mud, or sun-dried bricks, through the fissures of which rats and reptiles are able to burrow. Very often the cobra, after devouring a rat, instals itself in the rodent's residence. I was staying, many years ago, at Benares, when one of the sepoys in the mud barracks complained that a cobra constantly, by night and day, entered his compartment. On our visiting the spot he pointed out the hole through which the cobra invariably descended to the ground. The Major of the regiment, with whom I was staying, summoned an expert to destroy the pest, and the man set about the job as follows.—

He first obtained a round earthenware pot about eight inches deep by ten inches wide, commonly called a "gurrah," and filled it with bhoosa (chaff). The mouth of the pot was then attached with wet clay to the wall round the hole through which the cobra was in the habit of entering the hut. A hole one inch in diameter was then made at the base of the gurrah, and the bhoosa was set alight. A pair of bellows was next requisitioned, with which the smoke of the lighted bhoosa was forced into the hole and crevices of the wall. As soon as the bhoosa was entirely consumed the gurrah was removed, and the snake was seen lying insensible and innocuous at the

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mouth of the hole. The fumes of bhoosa are most pungent and suffocating, and appeared to issue from every crack in the wall. The cobra was not actually dead when found, but was destroyed without danger. In the jungles I have unfortunately had two men in my employ bitten by cobras, and both of them died. A native with bare legs treading accidentally on the reptile has a poor chance of escape. Irrepressible drowsiness is the first symptom of approaching death.

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CHAPTER XI

THE FAT KATIA BUNDAN TIGER

In continuation of my reminiscences, I cannot do better than reproduce, with the editor's kind permission, a true extract, published in the *Asian*, which will describe the early stages of my last visit to the Aseerghur jungles.—

I took a year's furlough and left my regiment early in November 1891. After collecting stores in Bombay, I forwarded them and my heavy baggage to a little station near the fortress of Aseerghur. On reaching my destination, I discovered that all my stores had been taken by mistake hundreds of miles away. This was not pleasant, and I had to live on chuppaties and native rubbish until the telegraph brought my baggage back again. I then started in a bullock cart for my northern journey, and after thirty-six hours over terrible ground reached my first halting-place. I had two servants, one a so-called cook (a regular fraud), the other a bearer. The villagers, as soon as they saw and recognised a friend

of many years' standing, came down in a body to welcome me.

I went out on the following day to try a new weapon, and discovered that fifty per cent. of my cartridges missed fire. I have not the best of tempers, I admit, and this was well calculated to upset it. All that was left me to do was to exercise patience until I could obtain a fresh supply from Bombay. In the meanwhile I pottered about with my gun, shooting quail, hare, sandgrouse, partridge and the excellent green pigeon.

The cartridges at length arrived, and on testing them I found them sound and safe. In shooting in a country where you may encounter every beast from a tiger to a gazelle, it is very necessary to have sound weapons and cartridges. I will hereafter, if this letter proves of interest, illustrate forcibly the danger of not doing so. I went out for a few days and killed a few chinkara (gazelle) and found that the sighting of the rifle was a little high. Having corrected this defect by means of a watchmaker's file, I ventured to attack larger game.

Leaving my first stage, I travelled to a place called Katia Bundan, which, being interpreted, means "the cut watercourse." Near my tent was a river where years ago irrigation had necessitated the

cutting of a channel in solid rock; hence the name.

It was now December, and I had not had a fair shot at any worthy animal, although I had seen sambhur from time to time, but out of reach.

On arriving at the new camping ground, my first business was to explore and examine the tracks across footpaths and on river beds. No one can hope with only a small staff of coolies (I had twelve) to make a bag without a certain personal knowledge of woodcraft. I found that sambhur (elk) abounded, and in the partially-dry bed of the tortuous river I discovered the tracks of a very large tiger. I followed the tracks, which held to the river, and gathered that he had gone north about seven days prior to my arrival. There were also very old tracks moving south which led me to suppose that he had a regular beat. I found an island in the river bed about 400 yards long, with a bank twenty feet high on the west side, and a thinly-grassed plain on the other. At the northern end of the island was a pool. The island at no point was wider than twenty yards. After tying up the buffalo at the northern end, I made up my machan and ladder on the west bank, near the southern junction of the river beds, in a sal tree, carefully cut the grass, and made a path

of 100 yards in length up to the foot of the ladder, in order to approach and mount without noise. The island was well stocked with underwood and tiger grass twenty feet high, especially at the northern end. The next thing was to find a spot some distance off where the brace of coolies could every morning view the place where a buffalo was tied. I found a tree half a mile off which commanded the north point of the island. All this being done, I returned home. I then selected the two most silent and reliable Bheels for the work of daily inspection. If the buffalo was intact, their orders were to go and give the animal fresh grass and to take it to water. If the buffalo was missing, one coolie was to return to camp, whilst the other was to remain motionless in the tree to watch. This is very necessary in order to prevent grazing cattle and woodcutters approaching and disturbing the tiger. In this manner I sometimes find it desirable to tie up four or five buffaloes, especially where watercourses are numerous and the tiger's beat uncertain. My camp was two miles from the buffalo due west, and I made a point of doing all my sambhur shooting at least three miles on the reverse side of the tents, in order not to disturb approaching tigers, as they have a very great objection to the crack of a rifle and a very

fair idea that it means danger, especially when they have been once fired at. I did not expect that the tiger would kill for a few days, but hoped to bag some sambhur stags whilst waiting for him.

On the 2nd December 1891 I sent two coolies to sight the buffalo, and the remainder I sent in pairs due west to watch for stags returning from the cultivated fields, which were all south-east. Nothing was sighted till the 3rd December, when a Bheel came hot-foot from the west with news of a great stag slowly climbing the ghats. I was ready, and soon got on to the tracks of the sambhur, the heavy dew on the grass which had been disturbed showing his passage very clearly. I jogged along and soon found him on the reverse side of a dark ravine. I saw he was a beauty and fired. He disappeared, but I had the well-known feeling that he was hard hit. After a stern chase of a mile his noble head began to droop. I knew what that meant and closed with him, and despatched another bullet, which was enough. He was what the Bheels call a "Tailia" sambhur, with hide as dark as night and horns thirty-eight inches long.

On the 5th December tracks of a heavy bison were found, and as most of the sambhur coolies had returned before the coolies I had sent after the buffalo

had made their report, eight Bheels started to take up the tracks of the bison. I would not go with them until I was sure no tiger was about, and it was just as well that I made this rule. The tiger had killed the buffalo, thus reported one coolie, and I had only four men, all told, to beat for the tiger. I waited till 11 a.m., but the bison trackers returned not. Fortunately, some relatives of the Bheels came in with food, who made my beaters up to seven in number, and I started for my machan with them and a box of matches, which I correctly calculated would supply the deficiency of beaters.

My instructions were to the effect that as soon as they saw me seated with my .500 express in the machan (I approached it with one Bheel only) they were to make a wide circle west until they arrived at least 600 yards north of the spot where the buffalo had once stood; and that having being done, to extend quietly in skirmishing order and fire the grass on the north-east side, the wind being from that direction. They obeyed me to the letter, and as soon as the noise of the crackling grass reached me I watched very carefully the ground near the north corner. The first intimation I had of the tiger's approach was the snapping of a twig, and the next moment he appeared, shining like gold in the midday

sun. He was crossing the watercourse towards my tree, and I shot him above the near forearm as he advanced. He roared a good deal and plunged back into the island, but I managed to plant a second bullet in his ribs before he disappeared.

The coolies now became greatly excited, but wisely climbed the nearest available tree. The tiger was meanwhile plunging about and making a great noise. Whilst all this was occurring, the bison trackers, hearing my shots, came up, and I directed them to climb every available tree all round the island, hoping that one of them might sight the tiger, who had suddenly become very silent. One coolie did spot him, and called me to his tree. Whilst descending my ladder the tiger roared again and shifted his place. Consequently I ascended the western bank, twenty feet high, where a high but fragile black wood tree stood. The coolie above me sighted the tiger lying on his side in the middle of tiger grass. I handed my rifle to the Bheel (as the high branches would not bear me) with instructions to fire. He fired. There was no response. I then ordered the coolies on the reverse side to shy stones at the spot, which they did, and it was very clear that the tiger was dead. So they all got down from their trees and gave him a final volley of stones,

whilst a Bheel ascended a tree commanding the tiger grass. The Bheel reported him dead, and so he was. I extracted twelve quarts of pure fat from the noble animal, which represented many a head of cattle and neilgai. Thus died the Katia Bundan tiger.

The Katia Bundan tiger was the third largest out of twenty-seven that I had killed. In looking at my diary I find his measurements were as follows :—9 feet 10 inches in length between pegs, and 18 inches round the forearm. I have never seen a dead tiger, properly measured, over 10 feet 2 inches, although some sportsmen would lead one to suppose that 12 feet tigers exist. Personally I cannot believe them.

On the following day I went with all the coolies to try and track the bison. Whilst doing so I fortunately came across a good stag sambhur lying in the shade of a tree, who succumbed to the first bullet.

After a few days, during which I was down with fever, I ascended the ghats to a place called the Doongli Ravine, where in years gone by I had bagged several bison, but found the ubiquitous wood-cutters there hacking away at black wood and other valuable trees without license, so I drove them off the premises. I then shifted my camp four miles east to a small village near a spot called Dugli. Here I had a rare time with sambhur. I never in my life had

seen such crowds of them anywhere. They were mostly does, which one spares, but I secured three good heads after some stalking, which means hard work and severe climbing. As usual, I had first examined all the ravines and footpaths for tigers and found the tracks of three, one track being that of the Katia Bundan tiger, and the others evidently a tigress and a three-quarter-grown youngster.

After killing one of the sambhur, a tiger, smelling meat, serenaded me for two hours by night. There was only a half moon, and although I strained my eyes I could not see him. Nevertheless I found in the morning that he had been within 120 yards of my tent. My servants were a bit alarmed, and settled themselves down close to my tent for the night. The tiger did not kill, but went away north.

From Dugli I moved eight miles to a place termed Kakria, where I saw no tracks of tiger, but I missed a sambhur badly only eighty yards off, and only killed a lot of small game and gazelle for the pot. I stayed here a very short time. The only incident of consequence was the appearance in broad daylight of a large panther whilst I was tubbing, within thirty yards of my tent, attracted, I suppose, by my young buffaloes, which were tethered to a tree within a few

yards of the coolies. The weather was still delightfully cool at night, but by day in the open the sun's rays were very severe.

Having shifted my camp to Kotra, I met some old Bheel friends, who reported a very large tiger doing an immense deal of damage to cattle. I found his tracks, but for a fortnight he did not approach the bait. The tiger was seen by the coolies trying to circumvent a wild boar, but the boar was too much for him. I went out to see if the coolies had romanced, but it was a true bill they had brought in. I found by the tracks that the Bheels had given a faithful report. I killed two large boar, some four-horned deer, and one grand sambhur stag, the stag leading me a rare dance over hill and dale before I bagged him. I was advised to move my camp to a place called Jagria, where there were bears and where the Bheels said I should probably find the Kotra tiger. It was a matter of nine miles, but that distance was very soon traversed. I had hired a baggage pony, which I found very useful on the trip. On the morning of my departure I sent the baggage by cart truck and the coolies as the crow flies to the hill tops 'twixt me and my destination, on the chance of finding some beasts whilst crossing the mountains, and I was not disappointed. At about 8 a.m.

they spotted a bull bison lying serenely in a picturesque and well-shaded grove. I approached him by the dry bed of a nullah, and he gave me a broadside shot at 120 yards. I saw that he was hard hit, and we followed him for two miles by his blood trail. He suddenly stood up from the shelter of some bushes, evidently undecided whether to charge or not. He at last turned tail with two more bullets in him and dropped about 100 yards from the bushes. He was a four-year-old bull, sleek and massive, but his horns were not worth keeping. Having reached Jagria, I found tracks of bear and sambhur everywhere, but no signs of a tiger. I then sent to a village fourteen miles off, where an old retainer of mine lived, to ascertain whether it was worth while going into the high ghats for bison. He came after a few days and gave me but little encouragement. Some of my men, however, found two bulls grazing twelve miles off in another direction, and there I went. I do not think I was ever so angry in my life. The two Bheels who had reported the presence of bison had burnt the jungle and driven the bison away. Twenty-five miles I footed it that day on their tracks, as the pony could not climb the ghats over which the bison had vanished. I never saw the bison and nearly died of fatigue on my

return journey. I discharged my two friends and took two Brinjaras (Indian gipsies) into my service, and from that day real sport began.

I killed another very fair sambhur in this month (March) but could not touch the bears. One of my men on the watch was seized by a bear, who, however, contented himself with giving the coolie a slight bite and clawing and disintegrating his solitary shawl, or chudder, as it is called. I followed the tracks of the bear and came across the footprints of a tigress and cub. I was after them till sunset; at one time I heard them moving in the grass in front of me. I do not care about this style of shooting, but no one can refuse a tiger almost in sight. I travelled over the ghats after that tigress, which fortunately led me to my camp, but I never found her, and, hungry and weary, I returned to my tent much dispirited.

On the 11th March one of the Brinjaras—the other had deserted—reported that the Kotra tiger's tracks were on the Kotra road, and that he believed the tiger was in a deep cutting, where he had often been viewed. I may mention that I had very nearly killed this tiger two years prior to this trip, and I was very anxious to bag him. He had been hunted with elephants by many sportsmen in vain for the last

twelve years, but his cunning had saved his skin up to date.

With the exception of the Brinjara and two other men all the rest were in the hills, so I started with them on spec. We found the tiger's tracks going south in a deep cutting only five feet wide, with perpendicular banks seven feet high, so I mounted a tree where two cuttings joined. I sent the three coolies circuitously to drive the two cuttings and the tall grass that grew between them. Nothing came of the beat, and yet we were convinced that the tiger was there, so back went the coolies. On their way they found a narrower cutting, only three feet wide, about twenty yards from my tree, with the tracks of the tiger leading into it. The Brinjara got above the cutting and followed the track with his eye, when out burst the tiger at right angles to me, but bushes prevented my seeing him.

I was very sad over this, but I had many more regrets to face before I had finished with that tiger. There was no mistaking his individuality, owing to a peculiar malformation of the off-fore pad.

I tied up a buffalo that night, and as I had no men, could not construct a machan, so trusted to luck. I was out on the following afternoon after sambhur, but I had an idea that the tiger might return at any

time. I ordered the Brinjara to view the buffalo morning and evening. I had just shot an immense boar at 4 p.m., when I heard the Brinjara shouting at the top of his voice. I felt sure the tiger had killed, and such was the case. Next day at 11 a.m. I took with me a ladder manufactured at the tents and silently approached yesterday's field of battle. It was blowing a hurricane, and after some deliberation I was put into a black wood (aujun) tree and the beat began. To my horror, the bough I was on began to crack, so I descended to a fork, which caused me to have my full face dead on to where the tiger was. The tiger came down at right angles to me (right side), and it was almost impossible for me to sheer round, and quite impossible to take accurate aim. I missed him by a hand's breadth, which was proved by the tracks and the bullets in the sand, so home I went, very ill indeed and very angry too.

I then tied up the most tender of buffaloes two miles from my camp. On the fourth day he again killed. On this occasion the machan was made and everything square and ready, but the brute was up to his old tricks, and was lying in a dry watercourse 500 yards from the kill, and in the last place I expected to find him. So, of course, he never turned

up in the beat. He killed yet another buffalo in the same place and went clean away, without stopping to eat more than the hind legs and rump.

I was getting more determined than ever to bag that tiger, and next heard of him twelve miles off, at a place called Anjungaon, where he had been seen standing over a bull (neilgai) half eaten. There I travelled, regardless of bedding and so on, and found some Brinjaras cutting grass fifty yards from the kill, which was still fresh. This was annoying, but I slept there that night, tying up a buffalo and making a machan. Still my friend was not to be enticed. I then returned to Kotra and tied up three buffaloes in various spots which the tiger frequented. He killed again but vanished at daybreak. I again tied up and he killed at once, and was seen leaving at sunrise, so I resolved, as the moon was three-quarters full, to sit up for him. He came at 9 p.m., looking like a great striped snake sneaking along, with his belly on the ground. I fired and missed him clean. I began to despair at last, and the Bheels were not hopeful. They said the whole country believed that the Kotra tiger had a charmed life for he had defied so many sahibs. Next day I was wandering after game generally when I found my enemy's tracks six miles off in a river bed, wherein

there was very little water, and I ascertained that no other water could be found within four miles. I therefore made a machan well hidden behind the trunk of a sal tree, and put a fresh buffalo in the bed of the river. Five days thereafter the tiger killed. I waited till midday, when it was hottest, and it was a frightfully hot, silent day, and went to the appointed place. The Brinjara saw me into the tree. In mounting, one of the rungs of the ladder gave way and made a slight noise. However, the coolies streaked away in a circle and got well below where the buffalo had been tied. Long before they began to beat, my dear old enemy, step by step, came out of the pool he was lying in. He scrutinised every tree right and left of him (the first tiger I have ever seen do so). He came towards me and I shot him dead with a single .500 bullet, which had gone through his jugular and right into his heart. The death of that tiger gave me more satisfaction than that of any beast I have ever killed. He measured 9 feet 8 inches and had a lovely skin.

This tyrant being out of the way, other tigers came, not so large, but still full-grown beasts, which afforded real sport.

I must add that though I have shot for many years, and have had all sorts and conditions of men

in my employ, I have rarely found real courage amongst the half-civilised tribes which one engages when shooting big game. The Brinjara, Nuttoo by name, is one of the exceptions. More than once he proved himself as game as a pebble in most dangerous circumstances, which I shall perhaps describe at some future date.

I should very much like to command a regiment of Nuttoos, but unfortunately the Brinjaras do not enlist.

CHAPTER XII

MAN-EATING PANTHERS

AFTER the death of the Kotra tiger I took things quietly for a time, as I had rather over-exerted myself. I took up my residence at Moongergaon, in a deserted temple, until a comfortable grass hut had been erected. Here I made a panther trap with the assistance of two native carpenters, summoned for the purpose from Kergaon, and whilst the trap was constructing I pottered about, and had the luck, on New Year's Day 1892, to kill the finest stag-spotted deer (cheetul) I had ever seen. His horns were perfect and thirty-seven inches long. Chinkara and small game amply supplied my larder, and on the 10th January I had a great hunt after four otters in a pool, and bagged three of them, though the dog-otter escaped overland badly wounded. My trap was ready in a few days, and as a report reached me that a man-eating panther was about, and had killed a man in Makun Tirwee's old village, I went there and found that the man had been buried. Sepulture takes place rapidly in India. It appeared that the

panther had attempted the life of the same man on a former occasion; but the man had friends near him, who went for the beast with axes. On the last occasion the poor Bheel was lying in his mud house on a charpoy. The panther forced his way through the drain at night, and, despite the man's outcries, mangled him so fearfully about the head and neck that he died. A few nights after my faithful Bheels were all asleep round a pool near my grass hut. My cook and bearer were asleep in a sepoy's pal close by, and the moon was three-quarters bright. Beyond the dozen Bheels reclined the goat that supplied me with daily milk, and the panther at midnight carried her off at the gallop. There was a great hullabaloo, but it was useless to follow the beast at that time of night. Next day I found the goat partially eaten and dragged her remains to the same spot where she had been tethered. Next night I gave my cook my shot-gun loaded with slugs, for I felt sure the panther would come again. About midnight I heard two shots fired, and, leaving the hut, I saw the panther in the moonlight slowly moving away, apparently untouched and unconcerned. I accused the cook of not firing straight purposely, and he assured me that he had hit the panther, which I did not believe. The very next day a child was carried off by the beast, so

that matters became serious. I sent the trap off at once, baited with a goat, to the village, and whilst out in the evening saw the panther rolling in the dirt on the high road to Kakria. I attempted to stalk him, and had a long shot which did not hit the mark. On the second night a panther was caught, but on examination proved to be a very small one and not the big fellow I was after. We let the youngster out and killed him.

Next night a messenger came from the village at 1 a.m., stating that the big panther was hard and fast in the cage. I sent Nuttoo off at once, with a rifle, to see if the right animal was captured. At 4 a.m. Nuttoo returned with the panther. It was *dead*. I asked him why he had shot it, and Nuttoo said, "The beast was breaking the bars, and was half-way through when I killed him." The animal had great strength and measured seven feet, being also compact and powerful, and, to the credit of my cook be it said, three slugs were still in the dead panther's head but had only wounded him superficially. I examined the cage in the morning and found, as usual, that Nuttoo's word was trustworthy. In fact I had to call again for the carpenters (maestrees) to repair the damage this powerful beast had done. I was killing neilgai, boar and sambhur freely now, and

changed my camp for a few days towards Rajghr. On the 15th January all my coolies asked for a few days' leave, which I readily granted, provided a couple were left with me to collect firewood, carry messages, draw water, etc. My camp was situated near a deserted village, and the two men were out collecting sticks when they dropped their burdens and came back in a hurry, reporting a large panther feeding on a chinkara under a small mango tree half a mile from my camp. They added, "We came suddenly upon the beast, who snarled at us and resumed his meal." I took the express and, ascending a high point, saw the beast. I then came down and called the men. I warned them that they could not drive the animal without risk, and that my two servants should accompany them with a rifle. They were not, however, to fire unless charged. I took up my position on an eminence rising from the mango tree, and when my men saw I was ready they all advanced, close together, towards the imaginary panther. The beast got up, growled at them, and slowly walked across my front. In doing so he had to cross a small ravine which I thought afforded the most favourable opportunity (clear of grass) to fire at him. I fired very steadily and knew he was hard hit, though a hundred and fifty yards from me. The

beast twisted on his haunches and came at me at racing pace.

There is no animal on this earth can cover five hundred yards at the pace a cheetah can travel, for it proved to be a cheetah, the only one in a wild state I have ever met. Though mortally wounded through the heart, he raced and then dropped within ten yards of my feet. Nuttoo told me afterwards that cheetahs were rare in those jungles, and that he had killed one by night, sitting in a dug-out pit, over a dead pony, which the beast had killed during the day. The cheetah is spotted like a panther, but long-legged without retractile claws.

I did nothing in particular until the Hooli was over, and on the 4th of April Nuttoo came and reported tracks of four tigers. As he said, "There appear to be battalions of them coming to meet you." Nuttoo, like Kistna, knew my ways, and how I liked things done; but I always went with him when the machans were being prepared and the para (buffalo) tied up. We tethered the para and there was a kill, but nothing came of it. The tiger smelt mischief in some way, and wandered off at right angles over the plain instead of following the ravine, as tigers usually do when their tracks descend that way. I again tied up at Kakria lower down, where a tiger could be

fairly seen if he broke into the open, and on the 15th of April mounted my ladder. There were apparently one tigress and three cubs. The latter all scattered and gave me only fleeting shots, but the mamma came up kindly to me and I bagged her. She was a very large tigress and measured 8 feet 8 inches.

Two full-grown tigers were next reported at Moongergaon, so I tied up again and fixed a machan, but for several days the bait remained intact. Nuttoo heard that they had been seen on the morning of the 2nd of May, three miles off, crawling round a herd of cattle; but the herdsman had appeared and scared them off. Nuttoo and I left camp and soon took up the tracks. I had both my rifles with me, and I could see by Nuttoo's face, and by the tracks, that we were close behind the tigers. We never came up to them, but some of my men on a distant hill saw us and the tigers simultaneously, the animals being half a mile ahead of us, and moving towards the tied-up buffalo. I had placed the machan to the south, against Nuttoo's wishes, as he assured me the tigers would break north if the buffalo was killed. I remember being very obstinate over the matter, but Nuttoo was right. The tigers killed the buffalo that night, and despite a festered right hand caused by the bite of an ichneumon, I mounted my ladder and

waited. A tiger first came out and broke back into the bush, and I had no chance of a shot. Next came the tigress, moving very fast, and I hit her hard. She passed me and sat dog-fashion on her haunches a hundred and fifty yards off. I stood up in the machan and had a steady pot at her, after which she rolled into the stream under the bank. Nuttoo came up and we cautiously advanced, and I had no trouble in finishing the tigress in the pool. Nuttoo then asked me where the other tiger had gone, and I said, "Towards you, unfired at." So he said, "The beast is still in the bushes." He wanted me to find a tree lower down and reverse the beat, but I was obstinate, and my obstinacy lost me the tiger. Before putting the beaters in again I gave Nuttoo one of my rifles, as he assured me the beast would break through the beaters. I did not credit him, but he again was right. Nuttoo fired right and left at the tiger, which broke back, and fortunately missed it clean. Natives are not good shots at moving game. They love the sitting or pot shot. I never saw that beast again, but the tigress was a very fair beast, full-grown, and measured 8 feet 7 inches.

On the reverse side of Moongergaon I found on my own, in searching for sambhur, the tracks of a good male tiger. Nuttoo and I went out to select where

the tiger and I were to eventually meet. We found cover, after a long search, in two places with nice pools, and tied up in both places. On the 25th of May the kill took place. My machan, by force of necessity, was lower than the regulation height, but the beaters to their surprise found a tiger that had been hunted before, and for a moment he roared and faced them, but eventually passed my machan in the open, where I did not expect him. I screwed myself round. The tiger began to gallop when he heard me, and I had only a sharp shot at him. I struck him a little too far forward. He rolled over, regained his feet, and staggered on through grass three feet high and a lot of karindah bushes. I got down and we had to exercise the greatest caution. Tree after tree was climbed, and Nuttoo, whom I could depend on not to bolt, stood by my side with a spare rifle at full cock. We were five hours before one of the climbers marked the tiger (which turned out after all to be a large tigress) in her last gasp under a jaman bush on the side of a ravine. There was no fight left in her, and it was just as well that we had allowed the leaden pill to take its course without hurrying matters on. Tigress's pugs are, as I have mentioned, more elongated than those of a tiger, but the tracks of this tigress would have deceived an old hand at the game.

Even Nuttoo could have sworn that the animal was a male and not a female.

In the next chapter I will describe my experience of wild dogs and of the finest sambhur I ever killed, with horns 44½ inches in length and 9 inches round the base.

CHAPTER XIII

A HUNT IN PYJAMAS

THERE are certain favourite memories which appeal to a sportsman's thoughts, which he ruminates over in after years when sitting by a winter's fire in England. I always remember the lines of the Hog-Hunter's Song,—

> "Then with those friends whom death has spared,
> When youth's wild course is run,
> We'll tell the dangers we have shared,
> And the trophies we have won."

As I recall the Jat tiger flying at me through the fire, the Khoki tigress, and the bison when my rifle was disabled, I associate with them my largest and most beautiful sambhur killed on the 1st of June 1892. It is an ordinary occurrence to pick up the shed horn of a sambhur, but you rarely find its fellow. I have picked up some big horns in Bundelkhand and round about Neemuch; but the biggest sambhur live in the Aseerghur jungles, and the record horns, to my knowledge, reached 47 inches on one side and 48 on the other. The pair were sold to a London naturalist for

a considerable sum of money. There is a weevil, a burrowing insect which, during the monsoon, settles at the base of a sambhur's horn and causes such irritation that the beast rubs and rubs his horn against the sal and teak trees to ease himself of the nuisance. The dropped horn, if examined, will bear out my theory. First one horn drops off, and days may elapse before its fellow is got rid of.

But that has nothing to do with the sambhur I killed on the 1st of June. Saving that, I never picked up a dropped horn of the same length. Before sunrise on the date named I was in my sleeping-suit, smoking the usual Anglo-Indian pipe after tea, when I heard a stag sambhur bark not far from my grass hut. I dispensed with further garments, as I had pockets in my sleeping-jacket in which I could carry cartridges. Sun-hat on head, express in hand, I followed the bark, and very soon saw, at five hundred yards off, the royal beast feeding leisurely and moving quite unconscious of danger. Suddenly in the distance I heard an echoing bark, and my beauty began to move at a quick walk in the direction of the sound. I dodged about, concealing myself as best I could, avoiding thorns as much as possible in my flannels and slippers. After some trouble I resolved to fire. It was a long shot, over

two hundred yards, but the sambhur was about to descend into a ravine and I had no option. I broke the sambhur's near hind leg above the hock. Away he went on three legs, and I after him. After going about half a mile his pace slackened, but I was terribly blown. Keeping pace with the stag even on three legs was a stern chase to his advantage. Nevertheless, I gradually approached my prey and fired again at two hundred yards. This time the bullet found its billet in the body. Away galloped the sambhur straight for the hills, which he reached; but I noticed that his pace was getting a bit slack. I reached the brow over which he had passed, but the sambhur, instead of climbing higher, dashed down a ravine which had many intricate outlets. I had, however, the tracks and blood to guide me, and I felt as bloodthirsty and determined as a hound to secure my quarry. This noble beast, though his life was slowly ebbing away, stood in the distance in sight of me, steadied his huge body against a sal tree, and then made his last spurt, disappearing round the corner. I found him at last lying under a thick bush with his splendid head and antlers moving from side to side. He was too much done to rise again, and it was only a kindness to finish him. As for my clothes, my pyjamas were strips of flannel, as also was

my coat. My slippers were done for, and I was alone, three miles from camp. I had never seen such fine antlers before, and I shall never see such a head again. It must have been a positive trial to the beast to carry so splendid a crown. Eventually two men bore my trophy home, and I was always proud of it, as I alone had found the stag and killed him.

Wild dogs are the greatest curse a sportsman can have in the jungle. The natives call them "Sonay ka kutta," or golden dog. They hunt in packs. In appearance their heads resemble the common pariah of India, but their colour is red, their ears upright, their tails bushy like those of a spaniel, and there is a white streak down the centre of their chests. I have seen sketches of them pulling down a tiger, but I think that a doubtful matter. Anyhow, whenever these beasts appear in any number near your camp, you will find all sport at an end, and the sooner you move on ten or twenty miles the better. The last lot I saw were mauling a doe sambhur in a pool. I killed a couple of the dogs, but their skins are no more worth keeping than those of the hyæna, a beast I always shot but left to rot.

I have not said much about the scenery in the Satpoories, generally called "the Highlands of Central India," but after seeing the Himalayas at

sunrise, the Khandalla Ghats in the monsoon, the Alps by moonlight, and many other places, I still consider that, when seated on a clear day on one of those high plateaus, and gazing on the plains of India, with vast bamboo-clad ravines descending to the dim mist rising from the lowland at daybreak, there is no more beautiful sight to be found in Europe or Asia. Possibly the cañons of America are more majestic, but of that I am unable to speak from personal knowledge. To watch the great beasts coming up at dawn from their midnight feed, bison and sambhur, was my greatest delight, especially if I was entirely alone, with time and opportunity at my disposal. "*Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife*;" away from red tape and telegraph, in a perfect atmosphere. What more could a sportsman want?

There is yet another scene near Quetta on which my memory often dwells. In July 1877 I ascended Chailtarn, a mountain to the south-west of Quetta, which rises 12,000 feet above the sea.

When I reached the summit a fierce thunderstorm was raging below me over Quetta; the lightning flashed and the peals of thunder reverberated from Tukatoo on the north and the Bolan range of hills on the south: above me was a clear sky. Here and

there great lammergeiers (bearded vultures) circled serenely in the blue. My eyes could reach for eighty miles eastward as far as the arid plains of Kutch, westward over the Shutergurdan Pass towards Candahar, and southward to Khelat. The only officers who had, previous to myself, ascended the mountain were Generals Sir Henry Green and his brother, Malcolm Green, and I found their tokens on the precipitous summit.

On the north-west side of the mountain near the summit, where the snow never entirely melts, was a cave in which some Beluch John the Baptist was supposed to have fasted for forty days and forty nights without any light refreshments; a footprint on the limestone rock was pointed out to me as that of the abstemious saint, all of which historical data I listened to *cum grano salis*—a very necessary mineral atom to an Englishman in his travels abroad.

I can recommend another place well worth seeing in the Khandalla Ghats, which I visited on one occasion for a few days. It is a spot off the beaten track of travellers, though within easy reach of Bombay. If you take a large scale map of the Bombay Presidency you will see the station called Narel, where travellers alight to visit Matheran. The Khandalla Ghats face you in the north. Then travel straight

away from Matheran and you will find a cart-track to the foot of the ghat and ask for the Golden Temple, much sought by pilgrims during certain Hindu festivals. The temple stands between the sources of the rivers Goa and Beema, and below it is a forest which has no equal in the continent of India. You can sit in this dense forest during the midday glare and be in some darkness. It appeared to me to be the nursery and haven of refuge for tigers, sambhur, and all other beasts which are met with on that long stretch of hills. No combination of sportsmen can ever eradicate the wild animals from that place. In this virgin forest you find, amongst other creatures, the great Malabar squirrel in considerable numbers, and on the fields at Christmas the four-horned and barking deer abound. I saw a tiger there by moonlight, as well as many sambhur. It will ever remain a place worth studying. I killed a lot of the squirrels, but for that purpose a small-bore rifle is necessary, owing to the great height of the trees. The squirrels are about four times the size of the English variety, and have ruddy fur, white heads and white tails. They are found by the peculiar "tuk, tuk," which is their call to one another.

A traveller has to foot it up the ghat and all pro-

visions must be taken on pack-saddles and ponies. Below Matheran there are fine trees on the southern side, but they cannot compare with the giant trees around the Golden Temple. The distance from Narel to the temple is about twenty miles, as far as I can remember. The path up the hill is steep and rough, and the journey to the top occupies a good two hours. An early train from Bombay, with provisions ahead, and a pony waiting for you at Narel, ought to find you at the temple late in the afternoon. I will just add one piece of advice. Avoid a visit whilst a big Hindu festival is on. Christmas is the best time to go there, and a most enjoyable ten days can be spent, with plenty of sport, if you know how to set about the business, or if you have a friend in the Civilian Collector, or Forest Officer, or Superintendent of Police.

In British territory it is necessary to have, as a rule, one of these officers as a friend. In foreign territory it is desirable to obtain a written order from the Political Agent requesting all heads of villages to furnish supplies and give you reasonable assistance in obtaining beaters, etc.

I always avoided British territory, as it often happened that there were too many officials at work privately to keep the game to themselves. In

foreign territory, provided you do not trespass too near the Rajah's residence, every assistance is generally given you. Rajahs, as a rule, like shooting within easy distance of home, and rarely tramp over the ghats or exert themselves in any way. On one or two occasions I went out shooting with a policeman and he told me a very quaint and interesting story. Every year you will see by statistics that hundreds of natives are reported as having been killed by tigers, snakes, etc. A report was made one day to my friend that a native had been killed by a tiger whilst travelling from village to village in the Khandalla Ghats. The police were soon on the spot and found many tracks of a tiger on the high road, but the tracks led to the stony hills, where it was almost impossible to follow them. There was plenty of blood scattered about, as well as portions of the dead man's garments; and it was presumed, in the first instance, that the man had fought for life and had been carried away. One policeman, however, was a shade sharper than his fellows, and made the following remark: "*I see by the tracks that this tiger has no hind legs.*" On examination this proved to be the case. Moreover, the victim was known to have had a very formidable enemy in the head of his village, who was in love with the dead man's wife.

The Patel's house was searched and wooden models of a tiger's fore feet were found, with which the impressions on the pathway had been made; but the cunning one forgot that a tiger's hind feet have no fifth finger, so to speak. The body of the traveller was found down a well, and finally the Patel, who had murdered him, was hanged.

The models in wood had been beautifully made, probably from casts from a real tiger's feet, and were shown to me.

The hunting down of criminals and the detection of crime have always had a certain fascination for me, and perhaps the following stories—for the truth of which I vouch—may interest readers. It is needless to say that real names have been suppressed.

The official who related the following details to me was an Englishman, and at one time head of the Bombay Detective Police. He was well fitted for the position for he was past master in the art of disguise, as well as a perfect linguist. On one occasion he found it necessary in the pursuit of his avocation to frequent a Mahomedan mosque, where, having studied the ritual, he joined the faithful in their prayers. His object in doing so was to obtain information of a triple murderer, which he succeeded in doing. The danger attached to the enterprise

was, as can be imagined, very great; any mistake on his part in conforming to the ceremonies might have led to his discovery and have cost him his life.

I will, as nearly as possible, relate the stories in the detective's own language. They are as follows.—

The Merchant's Dream

Many years ago there arrived in the city of Bombay from Ahmedabad a wealthy merchant named Narain Dass. His daughter was to be married in a few days, and he had preceded her to Bombay in order to make all the necessary religious and other arrangements. He had brought with him the girl's gold and silver ornaments, which were worth several hundred pounds. The merchant was a careful man and felt uneasy with such valuable goods in his charge, but he knew a shroff (Indian banker) living in a certain street, and hastened to his house with the ornaments, with a view to depositing them with him for a time while arranging the ceremonials.

The house occupied by the shroff was in one of those very narrow streets common enough in all Oriental cities. It was not the shroff's private abode, but his business premises.

The name of the shroff was Moolchund. The merchant knocked at the door, which had an iron

grating, and Moolchund, as soon as he recognised a friend, admitted him.

In order, as the lawyers say, to have a proper seizin of the case, it is necessary to describe the business room wherein the banker was found. Solid walls, twenty feet high, with a floor twelve feet by twelve feet, no exit to the rear, and only a ventilator, eighteen inches by eighteen inches, in the top corner of the wall facing the street. In the centre of the room lay an enormous teak wood box (with iron clasps), six feet long, two feet high, and two feet wide. In this box the banker was accustomed to place his valuable securities, jewels, etc. As a rule these were removed in daylight to his private house, which stood in its own grounds some distance away. On this occasion, however, the visitor was late and it was purely accidental that the shroff had remained in his shop after dark. I may mention that a coir carpet covered the floor, excepting a section just in front of the door. After the usual Hindu salutations the friends sat on a box, and the conversation which followed concerned the approaching marriage and the jewels.

The merchant, on coming to business, said, "I am staying the night with comparative strangers, to whom I have brought letters of introduction, and

shall be obliged if you will, on the usual banking terms, keep and be responsible for my daughter's property for the next four days." The shroff replied, "It is now dark and I do not care to carry valuables to my house at this hour, but as an old friend I will oblige you, and sleep on the box to-night instead of returning to my house."

The merchant then opened his bag and a careful inventory was made of all the ornaments, which were safely placed there and then in the box. A receipt was given to the merchant and he took his departure in an easier frame of mind.

The shroff, after locking the chest, placed the key on his girdle. He next locked the front door on the inside, closed the iron grating, and laid himself down on his extempore bed for a smoke; a small oil lamp faintly illuminated the chamber. There was a ruzzai (quilted coverlet) and bolster on the box. Very shortly afterwards the banker fell asleep and did not awake until the following morning at 5 a.m., when he heard a violent rapping at his door.

Moolchund rubbed his eyes and got up, and, as usual, opened the grating, when he was surprised to see his visitor of the night before. The merchant appeared much agitated and was immediately admitted. Then ensued the following conversation,

opened by the merchant :—"Moolchund, I have had a terrible dream, in which I saw all my daughter's jewels stolen; and as soon as it was light I determined to come and satisfy myself that the jewels are all safe." The banker laughed in his face, and said, "You should not trouble yourself over a dream, as I have slept on your property all night and the key is still on my girdle." Moolchund, however, in order to satisfy his friend, proceeded to unlock the box. As soon as it was opened it was obvious that a robbery had been committed, for not only had the merchant's daughter's jewels disappeared, but also securities of great value to the banker. The merchant begged to be allowed to call in the police, and immediately left the house for that purpose. After a while the whole street was full of police and gaping busybodies. Certain questions were asked which did not satisfy the police. The banker, in fact, tried to shirk responsibility, and the merchant had no written guarantee that in case of theft he would be compensated.

Despite Moolchund's statement that he had locked the door on the inside, that he had slept on the chest undisturbed all night, and never left the premises, the police came to the conclusion that Moolchund was the robber, and that probably the goods would

be found in his private house. His house was accordingly searched, but in vain. Moolchund was handcuffed and on the point of being taken to the chokee (lock up) when an old Mahomedan detective appeared on the scene and asked what all the fuss was about. This man, whom I will call the "Ameer," was probably the best detective India ever produced. The portion of the floor uncovered by the carpet had been trod upon by the police, but the Ameer found no other mark save those of Moolchund's slippers. After a hasty survey of the room the Ameer called for a twenty-foot ladder. This was soon procured and placed against the front wall in the room, so as to reach the open ventilator. The detective slowly climbed the ladder, looked through the ventilator, and slowly descended, when he said, "Take the handcuffs off Moolchund. *I have seen a nose. It is enough. Search the house across the road and you will find an ex-convict, and very likely all the property as well.*"

The house was searched, as suggested by the detective, and not only was a well-known criminal arrested but all the property was found in his room. This malefactor had a peculiar hooked nose well remembered by the Ameer. When the police arrived at Moolchund's shop, the ex-convict could not resist

poking his head out of the opposite window to see which way the cat was jumping. Hence his capture.

The robbery had been carried out in an ingenious and masterly way. The street was only fifteen feet in width, and the robber's window was exactly opposite the open ventilator. He had watched the merchant arrive with a full bag and leave with an empty one, and noted that Moolchund had not gone home. The thief also knew that Moolchund was addicted to opium and that he slept like a man in his last sleep. A light bamboo ladder was procured by the thief and thrown across the street, having been firmly secured at the robber's end. A long rope was then fastened at the same end, and at midnight the thief, rope in hand, crossed his bridge and let himself down on to the carpet. Moolchund, in his lethargy, was lifted bodily off the box, the valuables taken, the box relocked, Moolchund replaced on his bed, and the key restored to his girdle. To climb the rope with his booty and withdraw the bridge was the matter of a few minutes, and so sharp was the thief that when in the room he used the banker's slippers, and purposely trod about the dusty floor near the door to convey the impression that the banker had left the house after the merchant had

departed. Curiosity, however, was fatal to him in conjunction with his tell-tale nose.

The Ameer, in a subsequent conversation, said: "When I got to the top of the ladder I noticed fresh marks on the lower side of the ventilator, and the impressions of my own ladder almost corresponded with those of the thief's laid horizontally through the aperture. The house was built of sun-dried bricks, and the weight of a man crossing, as the thief did, was bound to leave its mark."

The Bank-note Robbery

In 18—, the Postmaster-General received numerous complaints that letters had been tampered with and registered letters from Bombay to other stations had been looted.

In the monsoon of 18— a Bombay firm despatched a wrapper containing one note of one thousand rupees and a business letter with it. The wrapper was tied with red tape, and the firm's seal was also impressed on the solitary knot covering the tongue of the envelope. Two stamps had been affixed at the corner for postage and registration, and a receipt taken. In due course the registered letter reached the addressee at Umritsur, but on opening it the one thousand rupee note was missing.

It was determined to call in the service of a special detective to unravel the mystery.

The Bombay firm had ample evidence to prove that the note had been enclosed and the envelope properly sealed and stamped. Consequently the Post Office were held responsible for the loss. The Post Office, in order to solve the mystery, resolved to begin with the addressee, and suggested that it was for him to prove the absence of the bank-note when the wrapper was opened. Fortunately for the addressee there were no fewer than four witnesses present when the wrapper was opened. The inquiry was therefore carried back to Bombay.

The envelope was carefully examined. The stamps had been properly marked with postal impressions, and the counterfoil of the receipt was perfectly regular.

The clerk who received the letter was next examined, but nothing could be ascertained from his evidence. The detective, however, made further inquiries, and it transpired that Eduljee, the Parsee registration clerk, was a gambler. The number of the note was known, it was true, but in India stolen notes fetch a high price, and are wafted by receivers to distant lands where the Government rupee note is always a good asset.

The detective took the wrapper home and determined to examine it once more.

On turning the envelope inside out the detective, by the aid of glasses, found a fine diagonal cut reaching from the extreme corners of the two stamps. He then steamed off the stamps, and the aperture was at once revealed.

Eduljee was immediately arrested and required little persuasion to furnish details of his ingenious robbery. He explained that when he had received the letter he made some excuse to leave the office with the letter for a short time. He then steamed off the stamps and made a delicate diagonal cut, using a circular native razor. By means of a split bamboo he obtained a firm grip of the note inside, which he twisted round and round until he was enabled to withdraw it through the cut without interfering with the invoice letter or tearing the wrapper. The stamps were replaced, the letter taken to the Post-Office, and then officially stamped, leaving no damaging sign on the outside of the envelope. Eduljee had carried on this malpractice for a long time; but in some instances the note was so folded with the letter that both were withdrawn. In that case the letter only was skilfully replaced. The hand of a native, I may state in conclusion, is very delicate and admir-

ably adapted for so ticklish a job as the one I have described.

I shall in the subsequent chapter carry my readers to the hills which lie north of Karachi, called the Suliman Range, and relate two rather dramatic incidents which occurred to me in the pursuit of the southern ibex.

CHAPTER XIV

A GIDDY CLIMB AFTER THE SOUTHERN IBEX

THE ibex in the Suliman Range are totally different in appearance, as regards horns, to those found in Cashmere. The horns of the latter are heavier and clearly corrugated. The Suliman horns are razor-backed with shallow corrugations. Two methods are adopted by sportsmen to secure the Suliman, or what is sometimes termed the Scinde, ibex, by driving or stalking. Driving is far less laborious but somewhat costly. I made two excursions after ibex, first in 1883, in company with Lieutenant S. and Mr C., an engineer. On that occasion we all three adopted the stalking method. It was terribly hard work, and in negotiating some of the cliffs I found it advisable not to look down.

I am not going to recount fully our fortnight's adventures, but will only refer to one ibex. One evening I was out with my Beluch shikaree, Morari by name, when in turning a corner I accidentally ran against a fine ibex. He rushed away and with a shot I broke his hind leg. It happened to be very late in

the afternoon, however, and it was impossible to follow the animal any higher. Morari appeared confident that we should find him next day. I was armed with a single .500 express, by a very good maker, and as soon as it was daylight on the 15th of April we started in quest of the wounded animal. Higher we went and found ourselves in a narrow gorge with perpendicular cliffs one thousand feet high on either side. Morari then spotted the ibex lying on a ledge about three-quarters of the way up the northern cliff, and said to me, "There is only one way for the ibex to escape to the summit, and if I can get up the cliff a little lower down and reach the continuation of the ledge whereon the ibex lies, he cannot escape." I shall never forget watching Morari slowly ascending the perpendicular face of that cliff. I should have deemed the feat absolutely impossible; but, step by step, he mounted in his goat-skin chupplies (sandals), and at last, after about thirty minutes, I had the satisfaction of seeing Morari on the ledge. From where I stood only the horns of the ibex could be seen. Morari's object was to make the ibex stand up and give me a fair broadside shot. The ledge was very narrow and about six hundred feet above the rocks on which I stood. Morari steadily moved upward, and when the

shikaree approached within fifteen yards the ibex stood up on three legs and faced him. Morari shouted, "He is going to charge me off the ledge." I very soon saw that the naturally timid ibex meant business. His sole means of escape was by getting to the other side of Morari, and that was what it evidently intended doing.

I saw the ibex lower his horn preparatory to going for Morari. I fired and missed. The ibex began to move forward. I hastily re-loaded, and this time shot the beast through the heart. Though mortally wounded and shot off the cliff, the ibex appeared to maintain his equilibrium in the air, and descended on its belly with a crash on to the rocks below. Coming down from such a height I expected to lose the horns, but I found them intact. They were thirty-seven inches long. By the fall the animal's breast-bone was virtually driven against the spine, but the horns were saved. Morari preferred continuing his journey upwards to the summit, for it is far easier to ascend than descend the Scinde precipices. From the summit he had no difficulty in finding a path half a mile off to where I stood. He told me that when I missed the first shot he thought it was all over with him, adding that the ibex really meant to have him off that ledge. I also shot another fine ibex, but had

to sleep where I killed him, on the top of a precipice, as it was then late in the evening.

The ibex live in caves, and when driven retire into them, and it is very hard to shift them.

The place I was then shooting was Duriaroo. It was near to this place that I had a big beat on a subsequent occasion when I was alone. The scenery was very fine, and resembled a huge amphitheatre with cliffs 2000 feet high, ending in a narrow gorge at both ends. In addition to the .50 single express I had a military Martini carbine to stir up the ibex when I saw with my glasses that they were halting under ledges or in caves. The distance from one side to the other was about seven hundred yards. First one side was beaten and then the other, and I had fair command of all animals on the move from the gorge where I sat, about a thousand feet from the ground. I shot four ibex that day—one a very fair one with horns thirty-nine inches long. But how he did smell. The quintessence of twenty domestic billy-goats might perhaps equal the odour but certainly not surpass it.

After the two beats were concluded I sat myself down in the middle of the narrow gorge and had lunch, feeling perfectly satisfied with the result of the day's work. Whilst smoking my pipe after-

ward, a Beluch came to me with a flattering and insinuating manner and said, "Sahib, that little rifle (referring to the Martini) carries an immense distance and I am sure it's very accurate." I replied that all military Martinis were good up to a thousand yards. He then added, "You see that round stone down the gorge; how far would you reckon it to be?" I said, "About three hundred yards." He then asked me if I could hit the stone from where I sat, and if I would mind trying. So to please the Beluch, the shooting for the day being over, I put in a cartridge and raised the sight to three hundred yards. The rifle was at the present, and my finger on the trigger, when, providentially, the stone stood up and walked away. It turned out to be a well-laid plot for me to murder, in innocence as far as I was concerned, the enemy of this smooth-tongued Beluch; and if I had killed the man I should certainly have been killed there and then by the wild men I had engaged as beaters.

The garments of the Beluch lend themselves to such a deception, and, when tired, Beluchees sit absolutely motionless. I called for the head of the beaters and reported the whole matter to him. He told me to say no more about it then as the matter would be settled by a tribal council. He added that

there had existed for a long time a deadly enmity between the two men. I shall never forget my feelings when what I thought was a rock got up and slowly strolled away from certain death.

The three markhoor I shot were in the Bolan Pass above Bebi Nani, but the horns were no good. I have seen very fine heads on the northern slope of Tukatoo, north-west of Quetta, but never secured one. I shot a couple of good urial (gud) in a snowstorm, in the coloured sandhills north of Tukatoo. It is a singular fact that in the Suliman Range you can almost draw a line between the markhoor and the ibex country. A friend of mine who was on survey duty along the Mekran coast stated there were heaps of ibex there. Travelling, however, in that country is dangerous on account of the cut-throat nature of the inhabitants.

The largest Scinde ibex horns I ever saw measured over fifty inches long, and I believe are still to be seen at Karachi.

I have often wondered at the marvellous eyesight of the hill-tribes. In the morning, if you intend stalking, each shikaree sits absolutely motionless at the brink of some precipice. Suddenly the man slowly draws himself backwards to where you are sitting, and you find that what you can barely see

with glasses has been marked down with naked eye. A Beluch can, from mountain to mountain, at a distance of over a mile, carry on an animated conversation with his distant friend. They do not seem to shout, but there is something in the cadence which is very far-reaching. Moreover, the clearness of the atmosphere thousands of feet above the sea causes the voice to sound differently and to travel further. I daresay many readers will have noticed how curious the croak of the raven sounds at Simla.

In all the mountain streams in the Suliman Range mahseer are to be found. I remember in 1876 being the first to use the fly in the Bolan Pass. The fish did not run very large, but I have seen three fish, each over a pound in weight, on a friend's line, all three flies having been seized. The railway and dynamite have, however, now spoiled the Bolan for fishing; but there is a better pass than the Bolan, which lies considerably south, namely, the Moola Pass, where the mahseer are far larger. I caught an immense number of fish there in September 1876. They are not particular as to what fly you put on. "Anything will do for me" appeared to be their motto. I also used the spoon in the deep pools and secured one fish of seven pounds. Very few people traverse the Moola. In days gone by an armed

escort was necessary, but I daresay it is now no longer required. I made the acquaintance of many queer people in '76, one noteworthy person being "Alladina," who at one time levied toll on all the kafilas entering India through the Bolan Pass. He was afterwards subsidised and the Bolan had peace. Alladina was a stout old man and used to tell me many a yarn of his feudal battles. His back was one mass of scars from wounds. He had been left for dead in one of his many encounters, but he smiled grimly when in continuing his narrative he assured me that he eventually found his enemy and cut him into the smallest of chips.

The old man used to give me every assistance in the way of sport, and when we parted for the last time I presented him with a long-reaching single-barrelled pistol. His sons, all ex-robbers, were very good company, and on one occasion treated me right royally in their wild fashion by killing a fat doomba (sheep) and giving the best of fruit that Candahar and their own vineyards could provide. The old man has long ago been gathered to his fathers. He was quite the Robin Hood of the hills.

CHAPTER XV

HOG-HUNTING

"Here's a bumper to spur and to spear,
A bumper to challenge a song.
Here's luck to all those
Who where'er the boar goes
Come spurring and spearing along."

MANY writers have described the pleasures of pig-sticking, and therefore I approach the subject with extreme reluctance. I have, however, one advantage over other writers, seeing that I have observed as well as regulated the hunting of the boar on principles peculiar to one corner of Hindustan. When first I took up the spear I was a subaltern at Sholapore, and I was induced by two of my greatest friends to accompany them to a rendezvous on the banks of the Beema. My two friends, Captains W—— and T——, once of the 19th Bombay Infantry (to which corps I then belonged), both met their deaths before Candahar, but they will ever remain in my memory as my best friends. Well, on the occasion to which I refer we proceeded to the River Beema. I was mounted on a fiery little Arab called Felix, and

my brother officers' steeds were also Arabs, but more speedy than my mount. When the boar broke cover I was full of zeal but an indifferent rider. I got off after the boar before my companions, but their horses soon closed on my horse's heels, and Felix, being an excitable animal, reared, and I, being a bad horseman, tugged at the reins, with the result that the horse fell over with me, and, on rising again, dragged me along the ground by my left foot, which was fixed in the stirrups. Fortunately for me, the syce (groom) had left the stirrup-leather bar locks open, which enabled me to get free before I was brained by the horse's hard hoofs. Our excursion ended in killing a boar, and I went home a sadder but a wiser man, for very soon I joined a riding school and determined to "learn how to ride" before attempting another boar hunt.

Before describing my subsequent adventures in this field of sport, I beg to submit my opinion on the sport in comparison with "fox-hunting" as we know it at home. Fox-hunting I regard as being very tame in comparison with hog-hunting. The excitement in hog-hunting lasts but a few minutes, but while it lasts it is intense and combines all the pleasure of a horse race with that of killing a dangerous animal to boot.

Fox-hunting is a galloping promenade calculated to promote the health of mortals, but in its pursuit the rider can, and in many cases does, take the line of least resistance to keep in view of the hounds. In hunting the boar, however, you have to take the boar's line or be out of the field *at once* and for all. I remember in 1882 being at Cheltenham, where that well-known horse-dealer, Mr Chapman, resided; I was, in fact, a great friend of his brother-in-law, and was offered a free mount on first-class hunters during the season. Much to the surprise of Mr Chapman I declined the offer with thanks, on the ground that one run at racing pace after a full-grown boar was worth all the fox-hunting in England put together. The Indian boar can do his half mile in even time (that is one minute). Therefore, in selecting a horse for the sport, speed as well as courage is necessary. Should a spill occur and the boar be wounded a man has a very poor chance on foot, even if armed with a spear, as I shall show in this narrative.

Before I was gazetted I happened to be staying at Allahabad in 1870 with my parents. There had been a hog-hunt, and Captain Travers, brother of the V. C. General of that name, was terribly cut by a boar after a spill. For a time he kept the boar at bay with his boots, and had not the Brigade Major,

Captain Marriner, come up rapidly and settled the boar, it would have been all U P with Travers. As it was, he had some nasty cuts, one ripping up his cheek. I never forgot that incident and resolved to be careful when hunting. Yet my first effort was a failure, due mainly to my being a very bad horseman.

I will now proceed to narrate experiences with boars at Jacobabad, as well as the way we instituted a sort of hunting preserve which, I have lately heard, exists to-day.

When I joined the Scinde Horse in 1877 there were stationed there three cavalry regiments, an infantry regiment termed Jacob's Rifles, and a mountain battery. The three cavalry regiments appointed a secretary to the hunt, and I was for some time in that honourable position.

Jacobabad, in the days prior to the erection of the great barrage on the Indus, was, during the melting of Himalayan snows, virtually an island surrounded by a dam. The station is known to be the hottest and most trying of all the stations in India, and the officers had the alternative of 100 Rs. a month extra pay or an extra month's leave every year. They finally chose the latter. In June, at six a.m. the thermometer registers 104° Fahrenheit in the shade,

and in those days there was no railway communication with Hyderabad Scinde. Despite all these drawbacks we were a jovial crew as we sat down in the big Scinde Horse mess house, and we forgot all our troubles in pursuit of the boar and small game which abounded in the neighbourhood. North-east of Jacobabad, and about one mile from the cavalry lines, was a dense wood and brushwood forest styled "Macaulay's Beyla," so called because an officer of that name had planted the trees. On the west side of the forest was a road about one thousand yards in length, and at the end of the road a canal running at right angles to the road; and on the reverse side of the wood comparatively open ground, with here and there melon cultivation as well as scanty jhow bushes. There were also a few indigo pits about five to eight feet deep, and bowl shaped, near the melon beds—veritable death-traps to a careless rider. Macaulay's Beyla was always full of wild pigs, but the jungle was so dense that no amount of beating could force the pigs from their haven of refuge. Before my time a brushwood wall two feet thick and eight feet high had been built from the cantonment end of the Beyla to the canal at a cost of about 2000 rupees. About two hundred yards apart stockaded gates were made, which could be closed

or opened as desired. Half-way up the road the massive brushwood wall was diverted from the road into the jungle itself, surrounding a piece of the wood and isolating it from the main jungle. The object of this wall will be hereafter understood. The surrounded piece measured about one hundred and fifty yards deep, with a front facing the road of one hundred yards.

During the non-hunting days the gates were always left open, and the wild swine went out at nightfall to the fields on the west of the road to feed, returning at daybreak through the gates without molestation. At midnight on the night before the hunt, however, the gates were all closed and men were placed on the brushwood wall alongside the top of the gates to prevent the pigs from worrying and destroying the gates. The herd, thus cut off, invariably sought shelter in the little jungle called the Island, from which a few coolies could easily drive them out. To prevent the animals getting round into the jungle by the canal bank, huge bonfires were lighted and kept ablaze until daybreak. At the southern (cantonment) end a great stockade gate was made, and bonfires were lighted on its western flank, to shut off escape in that direction. For a time this worked

very well, but after a year or so the boars saw through the business and declined to remain in the Island. We therefore faced the Island itself with a brushwood wall, with a gate on each flank, leaving the road gates open and closing all the other gates until a sounder passed in. The sentries on wall guard then immediately closed the gates and the whole herd was virtually trapped and kept confined until the arrival of the sportsmen. While acting as secretary of the Hunt I generally superintended the closing of the gates and the lighting of the fires, and then slept near the southern gate until my friends arrived. I may mention that the Indian wild swine are carnivorous and uneatable; dead horses were thrown into the Island to attract them. In days gone by the floods played havoc with the base of the wall, the repairing of which was very expensive. We were not, however, wholly dependent on the artificial hunting place for sport, as we frequently received information of boars within a few miles of cantonments where the country was flat, and where there were no melon beds or indigo pits to bother us. In pig-sticking, given that the horsemen are fairly equal as riders, the best horse always comes to the front. One year Sillidar would take the first spears. Another year Sabreur would have his say. Then Turk proved his

superiority. The horse is the chief factor in the game, given the above-named conditions.

We killed many boars at the "Mohari," *id est*, Macaulay's Beyla, but we derived more pleasure from an old boar caught rooting up a field miles away than from one let out from the stockade to run for his life. I may mention that no one was allowed to spear a boar on the high road under a penalty of five rupees. I often found myself alone chasing a boar; but I like a bit of rivalry in pig-sticking as in other things, for it is better than what racing men call having a walk over.

I have mentioned that the riding ground was covered with melon beds, to cross which at racing pace required the nerve of youth and confidence in one's horse. The beds are in form similar to new celery ditches and are made ten feet apart. They did not seem to bother a boar; but horses new to the ground appeared to be a bit puzzled on first coming across them. I shall never forget what happened to G—— of the Educational Department, who was a real sportsman but not a brilliant rider. I once saw him and his horse and a boar mixed up together at the bottom of a deep indigo pit. The boar got away; the horse was uninjured; but alas for poor G——! His breeches were ripped down, his face was

scratched and covered with mud, and he emerged from the pit in a state of general dilapidation. Fortunately no bones were broken, and when he declared he had never enjoyed himself so much in his life, I felt that some people must be easily pleased.

Horses, it should be here stated, vary very much in their behaviour. A horse under one man will face the charge of a boar, yet decline to do so under another rider. The horse, in my opinion, is a bit of a thought-reader. There appears to be some telephonic communication *via* the reins, when they are handled nervously on the one hand, or by a "determined rider" on the other

In this connection I must interpolate an incident concerning a pony I bought for two hundred rupees. If I walked him along the highway he would shy at a chicken or a squirrel. I had purchased him as he was very speedy for boar-hunting. On the first occasion when I mounted the pony it so happened that an enormous boar made its appearance. I was alone at the time, at Macaulay's Beyla. Much to my surprise and delight the noble little quadruped took in the situation at a glance, put back his ears, and went like a hound for the boar, and together we—that is, the pony and I—bagged him in fine form. Nervous-

ness in a horse, therefore, does not always mean want of courage. The boar was the heaviest I ever killed, weighing two hundred and forty-five pounds in the station scales.

The largest and heaviest boar I ever heard of being killed was an Afghan boar speared by my friend, Major H——, on the banks of the Helmund River. It was woolly as well as bristly, and it weighed 400 pounds. Major H—— told me that he found great force necessary to drive the spear home through its woolly hide.

I have already related how a panther allowed himself to be roasted to death rather than face a field of spearmen. I have also seen a wild boar secreted in a culvert which, though fired at one end with dry grass, refused to move, and through sheer cussedness preferred to die from suffocation.

During the six years I was stationed at Jacobabad I made a point of visiting at Christmas the distant "putt" (sandy plain) in the direction of Ooch, where sulphur springs existed. Ooch was, roughly, twenty miles from cantonments, but a gallop after a boar on a frosty morning, and one or two friends to chat with at night over a hot glass, were delightful.

I think it was at Christmas 1878 that A—— M——, popularly styled the "Shah," and I travelled

across the desert for Ooch. My good horse Turk was then at his best, and, as an understudy, I possessed a speedy little black pony named Tommy Dodd. It was not until the evening of the third day of our leave that the beaters induced a sullen old boar to face the music in the open. We were standing far away, hidden by brushwood so that the boar might not break back. When the grey beast appeared I could feel that Turk's heart began to beat faster. He looked a perfect picture as, with his ears erect, he stamped the ground with his forefeet and longed to chase the beast he had been taught to regard as his and his master's natural foe. When the boar was fairly in the open, with no chance of retreat, I gave the signal for advance, when we let our steeds go for all they were worth. The fun was fast and furious, but my flea-bitten grey had the legs and I soon closed on the boar. The feeling experienced as one approaches his quarry and sees him looking sideways with his wicked eye at his pursuer cannot be described in words. I plunged the spear, a well-tried Bod Raj, into the soft flesh in front of the near hind leg, a point I always aimed at, with the liver on the reverse side of his body as my object. After delivering my attack, the boar managed to scramble over a fence about four feet high. I and Turk at-

tempted to follow, but Turk, who as a rule was a safe jumper, caught the top of the fence with his fore feet and we both fell heavily on the other side. Unfortunately the field in which I landed contained the stumps of a recently-cut cotton crop, and in the fall one of the stumps pierced my thigh to a depth of two inches, the scar of which remains to this day to testify. The boar was too badly wounded to take advantage of my mishap, and my friend the Shah failed to reach the beast before he entered dense jungle. As I was bleeding pretty freely from the stab, and felt rather faint from the fall, I returned to the tents, but with a strong resolve to get even with that boar.

On the following day, therefore, although I was still a little lame, I assembled the shikarees, who advised me to collect a few pariah dogs and put them on the trail of the wounded boar in order to ascertain if the beast was still alive, which they doubted. Accordingly eight mongrels were collected and put into the jhow jungle, while we waited developments. We very soon heard music—first the fierce grunt of the boar, and then the howl of dogs in agony. These sounds came from a spot about fifty yards from the edge of the jungle. We waited for a short space of time, and hearing no further sounds, the shikarees thought the boar had gone for good. I, however, did

not think so, and I asked the Shah if he would enter the jungle with me and our head shikaree to spear the beast on foot. The Shah, who was full of pluck but very excitable, consented to do so. The Beluch shikaree wanted to use a sword, but I would not agree, telling him to carry a spear. I warned the Shah to keep his spear point very low if the boar charged, and get it in well under the boar's head. Shoulder to shoulder we advanced into the jungle, and after proceeding twenty-five paces we found ourselves in a small open space about ten yards in diameter, and saw six dogs sitting on their haunches with their eyes all directed towards one point. The other two dogs lay dead. I was again reminding the Shah and shikaree of the importance of keeping their spears low, when the boar charged straight for us, selecting the Shah for his first prey. The Shah was toppled over like a ninepin. I saw him just for a second. He was lying on his back. His spear was broken and his white breeches were covered with blood. The boar then left him, and in an instant wheeled round and went for the shikaree, who had moved away from my side. Down went the poor shikaree, and the boar in an incredibly short space of time ripped him in several parts of his body. Picking up the shikaree's spear, and whilst the boar was standing over and mangling

the Beluch, I drove my spear and that of the shikaree straight into the animal's chest, kneeling down to oppose the weight of resistance. With foaming and bleeding mouth, and bloodshot eyes, the grisly beast tried to force his way up the spears and reach me. The struggle lasted for a few seconds only, though it seemed a long while to me, when the boar, without a sound, fell dead alongside the wounded shikaree. I could not have killed him with one spear for a single bamboo could not have withstood the immense weight of the boar in bearing down on me. Having settled the boar's hash I turned attention to my companions. I was rejoiced to find that the Shah was unwounded. The blood on his breeches was from the wound in the boar which I had inflicted on the previous day. The boar had been struck by the Shah on the skull and the concussion broke the shaft. The beast then passed right between the Shah's legs, but fortunately failed to rip him, which was undoubtedly his intention. We carried the shikaree home and sent him in a cart to hospital, where the poor fellow took three months to recover from the very bad cuts he had received. I never again attempted spearing when on foot. I saw another officer try to do so at Macaulay's Beyla, but he was immediately floored by the boar, and it was

fortunate for him that there were horsemen at hand to come to the rescue. The boar I killed as narrated above was a full-grown five-year-old, with seven-inch tusks, both of which were as sharp as razors.

The Scinde boars, I may conclude, are very plucky, and often attack before having been speared. On a certain day I was taking my afternoon sleep under the punkah, when my friend H—— sent me an urgent message to mount at once as a boar had been marked down in the brushwood in front of Jacob's Rifles Quarter Guard. I joined H—— on my Arab Launcelot, and taking an orderly with us, we soon found the boar. It was a comparatively small beast, but very fast in his paces. As I drew up to him I missed driving the spear home, and the boar dodged underneath my horse's girths from the off side on to the near side. I shortly afterwards succeeded in spearing the boar, and H—— killed him, when suddenly H—— called my attention to the fact that my horse was bleeding profusely. That unfortunately was the case. Indeed, it was not only bleeding profusely, but rapidly bleeding to death, for the boar when passing under the girths had cut the main artery of the near fore leg. We improvised a tourniquet from the orderly's puggry and a pebble, but the horse had to be slung where he stood, and a temporary shed to

be built over him. The poor beast was an invalid for three months, and never again so keen a hunter, though just as good a charger.

Although I have killed many other boars there is really nothing very interesting in the details, and, as in fox-hunting, a sameness about the business which would not interest my readers.

The worst spill I ever had was in pursuit of a boar near Bagh, about sixty miles towards the Bolan Pass. The ground is apparently as flat as a billiard-table, but here and there deep ditches are found in which grass grows up to the level of the plain. These are called blind nullahs, and rightly too, I think, because they deceived my horse. In jumping he struck the opposite bank, bringing me down heavily and striking my head severely with his hoof as he rose, and I was stunned for some time. This accident necessitated an operation in England in 1882, by the hands of the late Mr Hutton, the bone-setter.

My life was twice attempted in Scinde. The first would-be murderer, an escaped lunatic, was covered with oil and naked save for a waistcloth, and he was armed with a rock in his hand to batter me. However, I was awake, and hung on to the madman's windpipe until the servants arrived and secured him.

The second was a far more serious affair. It was moonlight, and I had gone to the top of the bungalow to sleep; it was intensely hot, and I awoke about midnight and sought for a bottle of soda-water, of which I kept an ample supply under my bed. My eyes suddenly alighted on a thick-set man, with his face painted white, crawling from the steps towards my bed; a loaded lathe (bludgeon), five feet long, was in his hand. Fortunately I flourished the soda bottle, which he mistook in the moonlight for a knife, and he turned to fly down the steps, but I was out of bed in a moment, and with all my strength brought a heavy Irish black-thorn down on his head. I always kept it by my side. I knocked him half senseless from the top of the stairs to the ground. I shouted for my friends next door, the Shah and his brother, for assistance, and before the would-be murderer could recover we bound him hand and foot; quills with verses from the Koran were found in his ears, exhorting all believers of the Prophet to exterminate infidels. The man, a Pathan, and very powerful, had just returned, full of fanaticism, from the Mecca shrine.

In the next chapter I intend dealing with lake and river fishing, and then return to the subject of Jacobabad as a paradise of small game shooters. I

shall, however, always maintain that no British officer or European official ought to be made to reside at Jacobabad from the 15th of May until the 15th of October. In the winter it is a pleasant enough place.

CHAPTER XVI

LAKE AND RIVER FISHING

I DO not pretend to be an authority on Indian fishing, but I have received and tested many valuable hints from men who were experts in that line. I have mentioned the wonderful fishing of the Bolan Pass. An experience in waters which had never been touched before with the fly is not much of a guide to those rivers known and visited generally by anglers.

In India, as at home, you have both lake and river fishing. The fish which gives the best sport in the latter is undoubtedly the mahseer. In Northern India that fish runs to over fifty pounds. In the Punjab rivers the spoon (with very powerful tackle) is used. The fish are also caught with beaded grain (like a parched pea) on a hook, after ground baiting. Near Poona, where the gunpowder factory stands, there is a large fish resembling the dumra of Scinde, which is caught in a very peculiar way. The water is first baited with pounds of monkey nuts, which float, and the fish rise to the nuts as they rise to a fly. When the water is virtually boiling with

ravenous fish, one nut is threaded through the body twice, leaving the hook and a quarter inch of salmon gut outside, and then thrown with a line into the centre of the loose bait. The fish mistakes the hook for the tail of the nut. I have caught very heavy fish in this way.

In the Moota Moola River at Poona there are mahseer, but to obtain them you must ground bait for several days.

Diverging from the subject for a moment, I may say that in the bed of the river near the cavalry lines the most beautiful moss agates are to be found. I have collected many, and have cut and polished them myself.

There is also a splendid river for mahseer between Nowgong and Jhansi, about fifteen miles from the former.

At Chittoor in Rajputana you find the leather-mouthed trout running to two pounds. The trout freely take a bright red or yellow fly if the water is what an English angler would call favourable. There are also a few trout near Nowgong. The Punna River is likewise good for large mahseer, but you must ground bait. In fact, in almost every mahseer river, whether you use a fly, spoon or grain, ground baiting is the usual method.

The king of tank fish is the murrel, which runs to ten or twelve pounds. If there are weeds about, as there usually are, very strong tackle must be used, and the most deadly bait for the fish is the mole cricket. It burrows in the sides of stagnant pools, and natives collect them for you in an earthenware pot filled with mud. The hook is passed through the mouth of the insect, and the barb rests in the soft of the body.

The tanks at Sholapore and the Bundelkhand tanks are full of murrel, and the fish is good eating compared with that of other tank fish.

At Bhurtpore there are also fine tank fish, and the bait for them is flour and wool kneaded together. I there caught seventy or eighty fish weighing on the average five pounds, the largest fifteen pounds. I cannot tell you the scientific or other name of the fish. In appearance it resembles a large sea mullet, but has not the strength of the mahseer. River fish generally give better sport than still water fish.

Near Neemuch, Lieut. P., to whom I have already referred, caught in a large tank miles off fish up to twenty pounds, but he never used anything but live bait, netted by fishermen in the early morning.

There is one bait I have forgotten to mention which the mahseer appreciates, namely, the flying

bug, a large insect as big as a cockroach, but not pleasant to handle. The bugs drop from the trees on the riverside and immediately disappear.

For mahseer and Indian fishing, generally speaking, an Irish salmon-rod is desirable. For the larger mahseer, which are sought in the whirlpools of the Punjab rivers, it is sometimes necessary to attach a pound weight of lead to make the spoon sink, and the lead is often twice the size of a tablespoon. Gimp is invariably used for them.

It is very surprising to learn that in years when the rainfall has been scanty and the river beds waterless, if you take the trouble to dig you will find fish embedded in the damp mud. They are still alive and only require throwing into a pool to prove their vitality.

There is one other place in Central India much resorted to by mahseer anglers, namely, Sutna in the Central Provinces. I went there myself once without result, but I attribute my non-success to want of ground bait. I know from reliable anglers that the fish at Sutna give excellent sport. As in England, daybreak and sunset are the best times when to fish in the East.

I will now leave the finny for the feathered tribe.

CHAPTER XVII

A SMALL GAME PARADISE

I HAVE never had an opportunity of shooting any of the Himalayan pheasants, so that the birds, etc., I am about to write about inhabit the plains and lower mountains of India. The bustard is found in the Deccan. The best places I know of in which to search for them are Sholapur and the country north of Patus, a station between Sholapur and Poona. I generally shot them with a miniature .360 express. At Patus I have seen a dozen bustard on the wing at the same time. These birds never cease to flap their wings when in flight. The phansipardies (snarers) catch them with a long continuous line of nooses similar to those used for antelopes. On one occasion, at Patus, I captured and burnt a cartload of these snares made of the sinews of deer, and reported having done so to the civil authority, who was the collector, and he replied that I had done right in stopping such wholesale slaughter of antelope and bustard.

I well remember a cruel hoax perpetrated years ago by two of my brother officers on one of our seniors. I believe the victim is still alive.

Captain X—— was a keen sportsman, but somewhat portly, and his great ambition was to shoot a bustard. He went so far as to offer a handsome reward to the native shikarees who lived in the neighbourhood for genuine news of a marked-down bustard. This fact was known to my friends, W—— and T——, who persuaded a phansipardy (snarer) for a consideration to aid and abet the conspiracy. On a certain morning, which happened to be a brigade holiday, the snarer arrived at W——'s house with a live bustard in a basket. W—— and T——, accompanied by the snarer, proceeded some distance out of cantonments and the bustard was tied by the legs to a milk bush. The bird accommodated itself to circumstances and immediately squatted in the shade of the bush.

The next act in the drama was to send the snarer hot-footed to X——'s bungalow with the much-desired news.

Meanwhile, W—— and T—— took up a position behind some rising ground near at hand to watch the *denouement.*

In due course X—— arrived, and under the direc-

tion of the snarer saw with his glasses the still distant bird. The stalk then began. X——, with burglarious tread, moved in ever-decreasing circles round the bush, but still the bird remained motionless and apparently ignorant of an enemy's approach. X——, having circled within eighty yards of the bird, began to crawl on all fours, carefully placing the bush between himself and the quarry in his advance. For a corpulent man, under an Indian midday sun, the operation was hot and trying. However, having wriggled within forty yards of the bush, X—— fired. Both barrels, loaded with BB shot, were discharged through the bush at the bird, which, badly hit, flapped violently to free itself. X——, with the rapture of a successful sportsman, rose to his feet and rushed to secure his prize, but the string on the legs told X—— but too plainly that he had been badly "sold."

The snarer ran for his life (he had already received his *douceur* elsewhere); but the portly sportsman was still more disconcerted when from behind an adjacent hillock loud and mocking laughter reached his ears. Then followed a torrent of laughter and cheers. And the ominous words "It's a boo," The snark.

It was a long time before anyone ventured to speak

of a bustard to Captain X——, and the snarers scrupulously avoided him.

I think the tethered bustard was the first and last X—— ever attempted to kill.

For small game shooting there is no place I can recommend better than Upper Scinde, between October and March, the only period a European ought to think of going there for pleasure.

The houbara come down from Afghanistan in September, where they breed, and are to be found north of Jacobabad in large numbers, feeding early and late on the mustard fields, and lying by day mostly on the sand or under jhow bushes. There are two ways of bagging them, either by stalking on foot or on a riding camel. The latter plan is that generally adopted. It, however, requires a practised eye to see even this large bird lying on a sand plain and flat as a table.

Imperial and other grouse swarm in thousands eighteen miles north of Jacobabad, where sulphur and other springs exist. The bird has one peculiarity in the fact that after sunset it is with difficulty made to rise from the mustard fields, and then it only flies a few yards. I have seen, as the sun was setting, countless thousands flying in one dense cloud round about the fields, showing simultaneously

first their silver underwings and then their dark surfaces. Their great enemies, hawks and falcons, were generally in attendance, moving into the flock apparently without an effort of speed, and withdrawing with an evening meal in their talons. The great Imperial grouse is not so common as the other varieties. It weighs about fourteen ounces, and is handsomely marked with a bar across the breast. This bird is also found at Nasirabad and Ajmere, and is much appreciated for the table.

The florican belongs to the bustard and houbara tribe, and its movements are very mysterious. I think I can safely say that there is only one place in India where this bird has been shot, and where I have shot it during every month in the year, and that is Sholapur. There was a grass and baubul jungle near the old Fives Court on the Bijapur Road which always contained florican.

In other places, such as Mhow, Neemuch and Agra, the florican is only seen during the rains from July to September, when they breed. The male bird is then in full black and white plumage. In other months it can scarcely be distinguished from the hen. It is the custom for sportsmen to kill both male and female during the rains, but I think the practice should be discontinued.

Futtehpore Sikri, fifteen miles from Agra, is an ideal place for a sportsman to stay in. The travellers' bungalow is comfortable, and the old Mogul city with its terraces, minarets, temples, sandstone and marble, is one of the greatest sights of India. All round this ancient city black buck, snipe, duck, quail, florican, painted and other partridge, are forthcoming to those who seek them.

The black partridge, the handsomest of the tribe, is peculiar, I believe, to Scinde, the banks of the Indus and the Punjab.

Shikarpore is famous for bags made of this bird, but all the way up the Indus there are birds in plenty to be found in every jhow jungle. In Upper Scinde the following birds are common: —houbara, grouse, black and other partridges, bittern, pelican, flamingo, geese, duck, quail and snipe. The bags I have seen made, and have made myself, of duck, quail and snipe, few people would credit if stated.

Ahmedabad and Baroda, too, are excellent centres for a winter traveller after duck, snipe and quail. Jungle cock are common in all the hills that rise over one thousand feet from the plains of India, such as the Satpoories, Khandalla Ghats, Neilgherry, and in the Abu and Deesa jungles. Some sportsmen sit over the pools where the birds quench

their thirst at daybreak and sunset, but beating for them up a ravine is far better sport. The chukoor, which closely resembles the French partridge, is found on all the north-western mountains which fringe India. There are plenty of them at Quetta in company with the seesee partridge, the smallest of the family.

The seesee resembles a large quail, and is excellent eating, much more tasty and tender than the chukoor; but of all the birds I have mentioned there is not one that can rival the florican for food. *Nota bene*, do not eat florican if Spanish flies, of which it is very fond, are about.

Bhurtpore and Odeypore, two Rajpoot native states, have splendid sheets of water containing duck, and the Maharajah of Odeypore is most courteous in giving to gentlemen permits to shoot on his lake.

Peafowl are everywhere, but in some places they are held sacred. As a rule they are very tough, unless young, and only fit for soup.

Curlews are common and not worth shooting. I tried to eat some, but they were decidedly fishy, like the ruddy sheldrake and the shoveller duck.

Readers will gather from my remarks that Upper Scinde is, in my opinion, the Indian small game

paradise. But be advised. Should you go there, take at least three grains of quinine daily. Otherwise, when wading in the water after wildfowl and snipe, with a fierce sun over your head, you may learn how unpleasant a thing is fever. November, December, January and February are all right. The rest of the year is only useful to acclimatise sinners for a spot which is not called the Better Land.

I wish now to mention the places I think travellers as a rule neglect. How few there are who take the trouble to visit the Bijapur Temple with its vast dome; or Futtehpore Sikri, or the marvellous bridges built by English skill across the Punjab rivers, or the Abu Temples. The customary line is Jeypore, Delhi, Agra, Simla, Benares, Calcutta and Darjeeling. The Taj of Agra is very fine; but, in my opinion, Bijapur surpasses it in many ways.

Hyderabad in the Deccan is also well worth seeing; but I will return to the subject of sport, which interests me, and probably my readers, more than architecture.

CHAPTER XVIII

USEFUL HINTS

I WISH to add a few hints concerning rifles and projectiles. Firstly, concerning night shooting. Some years ago I wrote to the *Field* on this subject. I have tried all sorts of foresights on rifles, and found them wanting; but now that I see electric science coming more to the front in connection with dry cells, I see no reason why a small electric bead should not be attachable to the foresight with a tiny parallel reflector behind it. In fact, it should be a miniature bull's-eye lantern, lighted at will with a dry battery attached to the stock, on the principle of the electric scarf-pin. If at night the beam of light can be made to fall on the body of an animal, I hold that the bullet, if the ray be parallel, will find that body too. It appears to me a very simple matter, which, if practically experimented on, would prove of great value to African sportsmen when dealing at night with lions round a zareeba, or to Indian sportsmen after a tiger over a kill. The darker the night the clearer would

be the beam of light. It is a subject gun-makers might well consider.

Concerning projectiles from an express, I have used the empty copper tube, the open express bullet filled with wax, fulminate of mercury and water, but finally abandoned them all for another and better method. I noticed on two or three occasions, when very near bison or sambhur, that the express bullet with a hollow copper tube burst on the animal's shoulder, only starring and flaying the skin without penetrating the body. I next filled the tubes with water just before starting after an animal. This created steam on concussion, and was no better than the hollow tube, the air of which popped the bullet, so to speak, when striking a hard surface. Finally I discarded the tube altogether, and selected a lot of little screws with heads no thicker than the screw, just big enough to grasp the sides of the hollow chamber, and short enough not to project beyond the nose of the bullet. I had then a firmly-fixed steel core which would not affect the expansion of the bullet, but carry it further into an animal. The result of this projectile on bison, sambhur and neilgai was most satisfactory, and I never again had a surface-bursting bullet. The hollow tube was all very well for striking the soft of an animal, but not safe

against a skull or shoulder. That is my experience, and I daresay the experience of others. The higher the velocity of the bullet on contact, *id est*, the nearer the beast, the greater the chance of non-penetration. With the steel screw the trajectory was not quite so flat, but the advantage derived from the steel core in other ways amply compensated that disadvantage.

Before starting for big game shooting I always made a list of everything I might possibly require, and I supplemented this list after each excursion with further articles I had found to be requisite. This is very necessary as you are sometimes over a hundred miles from the line of rail, and a long delay occurs before a messenger can take a letter to post and the article arrives by messenger or cart over that distance.

As for clothes, I wore strong dead-leaf-coloured drill from the Indian mills, which is calculated to turn a thorn. In shape the coat was in the style of an ordinary lounge coat; but in addition to the breast pocket and two front pockets I had two other pockets equally large behind the coat. In those pockets I placed pipe, tobacco, and a flask of brandy in case it was needed. I kept the two front pockets free for cartridges only. The sleeves were tight to

the wrists, and the coat buttoned to the throat; trousers loose, and a six-yard silk waistband (cummerbund) round the body. I had two suits, and my washerwoman was the running stream, in which clothes were placed for twenty-four hours, with a big stone on the top, and then taken out and dried. A compact solar hat with a chin strap, and half-Wellington sambhur leather boots, completed my costume. For going over rocks the same style of boots were worn with indiarubber soles. If you do not wear high boots or leather putties you will soon feel the inconvenience of spear grass, which is most penetrating and annoying.

Amongst other items a little medicine chest is very necessary. It should contain chlorodyne, quinine (and plenty of it), a tourniquet, lint, caustic, and two quarts of pure carbolic acid for preserving skins, or in case anyone is mauled; a box of Cockles', a stick of menthol, plaster, etc. Then for skinning purposes I took four sharp penknives, with a hone, as well as some butcher's knives for skinning the larger animals. The hunter's knives I found sold in shops are only fit for theatrical purposes or for cutting bread and cheese. I also took a pair of good tweezers wherewith to draw thorns. The shikarees were frequently thankful for the use of them.

I wore nothing but flannel next my skin in both hot or cold weather. It is the safest thing to do.

Latterly I found non-magnifying coloured glasses a great relief to the eyes from the midday glare. I took them off when near game.

Needles, thread, pins, buttons, scissors, etc., all have to be remembered when making up the kit.

The working out of the food and liquor problem depends very much on the individual, but as far as I was concerned I never touched beer or spirits until the sun had gone down and the day's work was over. Everyone must have two chaguls (leather water-bags), each capable of containing two quarts of water, for you never know where you may have to go after a beast. Sometimes there is no stream or water fit to drink for miles, and the stagnant pools, full of dead leaves and wasps, swarm with deadly bacteria. I have been in the Aseerghur jungles when cholera was raging all around, but I made the shikarees drink nothing but boiled water, and not one of them was troubled with that dread disease. In selecting your camp, if near a village where there is a running stream, never touch the water below the huts.

Never pitch your camp near any of those gigantic honeycombs made by the dangerous yellow-banded bee. Near Erinpura, G., the engineer, and I en-

camped in a tamarind tope under some of these combs, and we had to run for our lives into the nearest houses half a mile off. I believe one of the camels was so badly stung by these bees that it died. At Jubbulpore two officers were killed near the marble rocks, for although they dived under water the bees waited for them until they came up, and both men eventually succumbed.

The Bheels smoke the combs by night and then take the honey.

To treat your beaters well and pay them punctually is of course a *sine qua non*. Never lay a finger on them. It is a mistake. After a big beast is killed, two rupees' worth of mhowa spirit satisfies fifteen men, and they expect it.

Be careful also never to allow your servants to go into the villages and talk to the men's wives. I met two gentlemen once at Moongergaon, Captain J. and Dr W., whose servants had been fooling around with the women. Both officers and servants were boycotted and had to come to me for supplies. I gave them enough to carry them to the rail, whither I advised them to go as fast as possible. The Bheels, though outwardly very docile, are not to be trifled with in matters of that sort.

I forgot to mention binoculars. You cannot do

without them for selecting the best heads. Bheels anxious for meat will want you to fire at anything.

I have now quoted the most necessary things for an expedition. I cannot go into the matter of cooking utensils, etc., as you really want very few of them, but the few you take should fit into one another. You only use half of them at a time, and the other half when the first lot have been sent to be re-tinned.

I would warn all sportsmen against eating any tempting berries or nuts found in the jungle. I saw, in 1892, neilgai feeding on stones dropping from a fruit tree, and naturally thought they were non-poisonous. They were hard nuts like apricots in appearance, quite round and of the diameter of a shilling, with a very delicious kernel similar in taste to the filbert. I collected about two hundred of them and gave them to my bearer to break with a hammer, unknown to the Bheels, who were not with me on that day. After eating a lot I felt drowsy, and was virtually in a comatose condition for forty-eight hours, when I gradually recovered.

The Bheels were horrified when they heard of my state, and told the bearer that the nuts were dangerous to eat. They were called "Baiya." To produce sleep natives as a rule eat ten; I had eaten about fifty!

I was very sorry to say good-bye to Nuttoo, to whom I gave my photo, all my superfluous stores, medicines, and the panther trap.

Since then, in 1896, I have sent one young fellow out, and wrote telling Nuttoo to look after him and show him a tiger. I learnt that B. wounded a tiger badly, and Nuttoo would not allow him to follow the beast at any price. It was found next day stone dead. If anyone reading these lines ever sees Nuttoo, I hope he will convey my salaams and best wishes to him. He will know who I am from the narratives of these pages.

I might possibly go out again for a shoot if sufficiently tempted to do so by a good sportsman, but I should not care *now* to go alone so far.

I hope the hints I have given will be useful to novices who desire to learn the art of Shikar without a friendly teacher to instruct them.

Large scale maps of Aseerghur and other jungles can be had on application to the Government Map Agent, Calcutta, and without these no one should venture through the vast regions of India in search of royal game, or he will find himself lost in more senses than one.

In conclusion I wish to draw attention to the apathy of the Government of India in not framing

new Game Laws for the protection of non-destructive fauna and small game which are found on the Continent and frontier of India, Act No. XX of 1887 being practically useless, leaving as it does the selection of fauna to be preserved and the enforcement of the Act in the hands of local authorities. The Mahomedan butcher and other professional shikarees sally forth and slay does without let or hindrance, whilst other countries, notably Africa and Canada, are fully alive to the importance of preserving game.

Rules should be framed and made to hold good, both in British territory and the Native States, for beasts and birds pass from one territory to another; so would the shikarees to evade punishment. The object of the rules would be defeated if they were not made to apply to the whole of India.

No British sportsman would object to pay a licence fee, for he would know that his fellow-countrymen would profit thereby in the future. As regards destructive animals, such as tigers, panthers, bears, wolves, etc., a reward is now given to all who kill them in British territory, but such rewards do not, I believe, obtain in Native States. This is absurdly anomalous and should be remedied without delay. On the frontiers the mountain fauna and

birds should be similarly protected, especially pheasants, such as the monal and argus, which are brought in by natives during the breeding season and sold to taxidermists and dealers.

Englishmen respect the close season for pheasants, but not so the native shikaree, who kills solely for the sake of the filthy lucre it procures. I have seen a cart-load of doe sambhur and stags without horns brought into Khandwa during the monsoon, when the animals are shot by night with slugs from raised platforms. These butchers obtain about four rupees for each skin, and the permanent injury to fair sport is incalculable.

Forest officers might be entrusted with the duty of enforcing Game Laws framed by Government. Possibly some difficulty might arise in arresting the slaughter in Native States, but if the native chiefs assisted the Political Officer in earnest, resistance would in time disappear. In years of famine there would, I allow, be great difficulty in preventing the starving native from slaying does with trap or gun. In those circumstances, however, the rules would probably be relaxed, but it should be borne in mind that famines are not annual occurrences.

I believe the beautiful swamp deer, which was once common in the Jubbulpore jungles, is now

practically extinct. That would not have been the case if Game Laws had existed, and I very much fear that the Indian bison will soon be as rare as his American brother.

There is another and not unimportant argument in favour of Game Licences. Consider the revenue which would accrue to Government and the States from licence fees. It were ample enough to create a staff of gamekeepers and leave a margin of profit as well. It would, of course, be necessary to augment the subordinates of the Forest Department in order to secure the performance of the extra duty.

I daresay some who have read these narratives of sport may wonder how I had such opportunities of seeing so much of India with its various races and kinds of animals. The fact is that during my twenty-six years' sojourn in the East I served in no fewer than twelve different regiments and in two departments. This, I think, constitutes a record. A rolling stone I was, no doubt, but nevertheless I hope, like a sailor, I gathered moss. I loved a change and never regretted finding myself in a new locality and surrounded with fresh faces, for it made the years of exile pass more pleasantly and rapidly, while it did not detract from the due discharge of duty, but probably increased it. In this connection

I may say that sport is no bad training for a young officer, for nearly all the qualities required to make a good sportsman are equally essential in a soldier. Hunting the boar teaches a man to ride, and the chase and destruction of big game inculcates patience, coolness and resourcefulness in dangerous crises; attention to details is also requisite. Perhaps not the least advantage of sport is that it compels life in the open air. It takes a man away from overmuch brandy and soda, and in that and many other ways does him good, so that when the time comes he is fit to undergo the hardships of a campaign.

I therefore think that every young officer should be encouraged to take up rifle or spear. There is plenty of time for sport without allowing it to interfere with one's duty. I have often noticed that the young man who is fond of "Society," and who hangs about "the other Bunder's wife," is no good when he has to rough it on the warpath.

CHAPTER XIX

STRAY NOTES

WILD beasts on occasion present themselves where they are least expected.

Some years ago a wild tiger crossed the bridge at Benares at night and was seen before daybreak, much to the consternation of early risers, entering an occupied native dwelling-house in the heart of the city. One man, possessed of presence of mind, closed the door on the beast and virtually made a prisoner of it.

The police were duly informed, but in cases of danger the ordinary guardians of the people in the East are endowed with extreme caution. The matter was therefore referred a step higher, and the Superintendent, who was an Englishman, decided to kill the animal from the roof by removing one or two tiles and firing through the aperture.

A panther secreted himself inside a roll of bamboo matting in a dak bungalow (rest house) near Nowgong, which happened to be under repair.

An elephant in a state of " must," to which males

are periodically liable, took up his position on the permanent way of the Bombay Baroda Railway, and temporarily stopped all traffic. A party of gentlemen were appointed to slay him before the trouble was over, and the slaughter necessitated the expenditure of much ammunition.

At Baroda it used to be the custom to arrange combats between wild beasts in a great arena. Sometimes a tiger was pitted against a rhinoceros, sometimes other beasts were selected for battle. General Gillespie told me that he was present when a wild boar had been chosen to meet a tiger. If there is one beast on earth a tiger dreads it is a boar, and on this occasion the tiger jumped over the barriers and put nearly all the spectators to flight. Amongst them were many wealthy natives, who in their hurry left their slippers and puggries behind them. The General watched one native, an Afghan, callous to all danger, quietly scooping up scores of shoes and puggries in his chudder (shawl) and reaping thereby a rich harvest. The tiger was really more alarmed than the spectators, and returned to the arena, but did not attempt to attack the boar.

Some globe-trotters and stay-at-home "sportsmen" buy skins and horns from Cashmere natives; I have met several men who have visited Cashmere

in the summer returning with winter skins; such a practice is very unsportsmanlike. In the winter the animals are a comparatively easy prey to the native, so that purchasing skins only reduces the stock and ruins sport for the genuine hunter. Here again is a chance for Government to make a close season for harmless hill beasts in Cashmere and elsewhere.

I had a great friend, now dead and gone, named Dr Waghorn, a mighty and fearless hunter, and I think the way he, on one occasion, circumvented a wounded tiger is remarkable.

The doctor had killed a male tiger and severely wounded the female, who had dived into a cave. It would have been certain death to stand at the mouth, so the doctor took off his coat, stuffed it with grass, and dangled the dummy over the cave from above; and having drawn the infuriate animal from the depths to attack the dummy, killed it.

I have omitted in my notes on small game to mention the extraordinary way the Sikhs hunt the Indian hare, an animal about the size of an English rabbit. A party of twenty or thirty men, armed with a net forty yards long by two feet high, will go out on a brigade holiday and clear the neighbourhood of every hare. The nets having been fixed the

hunters describe an immense circle covering a large tract of brushwood jungle, and as soon as a hare is started they drive it backwards and forwards until it rushes into the net. The hares of Beluchistan are coursed, but in certain months, especially September, are dangerous to eat.

Natives who have no snares for antelope sometimes adopt a method of shooting them at close quarters with buck shot, which is decidedly unfair.

On a windy day flags are fixed in the ground in the shape of a V, and the beaters manœuvre to drive the antelope inside the wide end of the formation, when the gunners who are stationed at the apex of the V very often obtain a short range shot.

As soon as the animals have been driven inside the V, they become intimidated on seeing waving flags nearer and nearer to them, and the gunners pick out the bucks from the herd. The animals hesitate to break through the waving flags on their flanks.

The mosquito is a big game hunter with which the European who lands in India soon makes acquaintance. This miniature vampire is particularly fond of fresh European blood, and works with a will with

its saws and suckers until the visitor seeks the seclusion of impervious muslin curtains and defies it.

There was a stalwart officer in the Scinde Horse who was the envy of his brother officers, for no mosquito would approach him. He could sleep in the open without mosquito curtains, and was utterly tabooed by the hungry throng, but that officer died of cancer. I mention this fact, which is well known to many of my friends, to show how this minute but voracious insect can diagnose the condition of a man long before a terrible disease lays him low. So if any visitors to India find themselves attacked, they may rest assured that they are in a healthy condition; but if the reverse takes place something must be wrong with their constitution.

I have mentioned that practice in the field of sport sharpens the qualities necessary for a soldier and police officer, and I can tell a story of a sporting soldier's daring gallantry which is known to few. Many deeds for which Victoria Crosses should have been bestowed have been performed quietly by men who neither sought nor received the acclamation of the crowd.

In the days of the East India Company a certain young officer (whom I subsequently knew as a General) committed an indiscretion. There was

nothing in the act which touched his honour; it was, however, a *mauvais pas*, and though the young man was a good sportsman and soldier he nevertheless received a hint that his services would shortly be dispensed with.

Being full of grit he cudgelled his brains to find a way out of the difficulty.

Just at that time a notorious rebel was wanted by Government, and a large reward had been offered for his destruction or capture. From information received by Lieut. G. the rebel went regularly to a sacred pool about midday to bathe, but the neighbourhood of the pool was swarming with mutineers. Ragojee Bangria was the name of the murderous Brahmin.

Nothing daunted, Lieut. G. assumed the garb of a Brahmin, and having stationed a vehicle at a spot not far from the pool, boldly entered the water with nothing but a pair of steel handcuffs and a gag hidden about his waist.

The young officer performed his task. Before the man could obtain assistance he and his captor were in the buggy manacled to each other, and the vehicle never stopped until Government House was reached and the "peace-offering" handed over to a high official to be dealt with.

Lieut. G. first gagged the Brahmin and then dragged him out of the water. Thus was a valuable officer's commission saved by daring and resource cradled in the jungle.

CHAPTER XX

WILD BEASTS AND FIGHTING MEN

SHIKAREES like to keep wild beasts in captivity and watch their habits, and I was no exception to the rule. I have had bears, panthers, wolves, otters, lynx, ibex, urial, antelope, and also an assortment of monkeys, both Indian and African.

In dealing with ferocious beasts of all classes, it is imperative to take one course at the outset, viz., great severity; and I have always found that the more severely I punished them when they arrived the less I had to do so thereafter. Of all animals, the wolf is the most intractable, and it often pines to death, or goes mad, in a captive state.

Panthers, if fed on anything but raw meat, are very quickly subdued; the otter is a most amusing animal to study, but take care that you never interfere with an otter during his meals. At other times he is most sociable, and will roll about your legs and pretend to bite you, but will never close his double row of teeth in earnest.

Monkeys, unless you obtain them very young,

require very strong handling. The black Nilgherry monkey is most treacherous, also the Abyssinian baboon; but the little green monkey from Zanzibar is the cleanest, the most docile and most affectionate of all the monkeys I ever kept. In sagacity and for mischief they cannot be beaten, and I will now describe my celebrated monkey, "Tim," and his funny ways. I had many offers for Tim but I would never part with him, and he was eventually killed by a scorpion.

Over thirty years ago I bought Tim in Bombay for the sum of five rupees; he had an Irish twinkle in his eyes which I fancied, and he spent the first two days of our acquaintance in summing me up, and appeared, by his countenance, to be anxious to fathom whether I should prove a kind master or otherwise.

In a very short time I gave Tim his freedom, and during the day he would live on the roof of the bungalow, cursing crows, for whom he had a deadly hatred.

One day I was sitting outside in a long chair and watching Tim and the crows; the former was eating a banana and the crows wanted to go halves in the meal. Tim went on unconcernedly munching his food, and apparently ignored the crows, who hopped

nearer and nearer to him. Suddenly one of Tim's legs flew out and a crow was captured; he got that bird between his knees and plucked his body bare, but did not interfere with the wing feathers. During the operation Tim talked in monkey fashion to the crow; sometimes melodiously, at other times *fortissimo*; but the feathering proceeded all the time. Eventually the bird was released and was killed at once by the other crows.

At night, when I went to bed, I could hear the patter of Tim's little hands and feet on the bamboo matting, and he would jump on my bed and sleep beside my pillow like a child. At daybreak, after a scramble with my terrier Scampy, he returned to the roof and commenced his crow-hunting again. He had, at times, to be punished, as he bit anyone who approached the house, and I feared he would be poisoned if he continued to do so. I never struck Tim, but always devised some "surprise" punishment, which monkeys greatly fear.

On one occasion I put Tim on a copper basin under which was some gunpowder, connected by a train of powder in a hollow bamboo to a spot two yards off. I blew him up, but not a hair of Tim was singed, and it did him no more harm than if I had lighted a pinch of gun cotton on his open hand; but when, per-

chance, he saw that copper basin again, Tim chattered with fear.

The next punishment I devised for Tim was a bumble bee tied to his wrist with silk thread; as the bee began to bumble, Tim waved his arms to shake him off in vain, until the poor chap was so exhausted that he came to me and rested on his side until I released the bee. The bee was lightly fastened round the wrist.

A mouse tied to Tim's tail was also a surprise punishment: as the mouse hopped, so did Tim, screaming with alarm, but eventually the sinner always came to me for forgiveness and release.

There was one article in my possession which terrified and awed the fiercest monkeys, and that was an imitation wooden cobra with a flexible body. Jeypore is the place where these life-like toys are made, and I know from personal experience that the production of a flexible imitation snake in the Zoo Monkey House has the most marvellous effect upon the inmates. I took one there a few years ago concealed in my pocket; the house was full of visitors. I quietly withdrew my snake for a moment, without allowing the visitors to observe the operation. The reader can try the experiment himself, but he may be expelled for creating a riot.

A soda-water bottle with the wire removed is also a surprise for monkeys, but the trick cannot be practised twice on the same animal.

After Tim was killed by a scorpion, as already stated, I bought two or three of the same breed, but they never were quite so affectionate and funny as the original.

The lynx is a very peculiar animal, and the one given to me (an adult) was very savage, but after the usual severe castigation the beast became as tame as any cat and I could trust my hand in his mouth; but with strangers, especially children, the lynx adopted a totally different bearing. Moreover, no fowls lived for a minute if he spotted them, so I had to give a very interesting animal to a Presidency Zoo.

Bears are very funny, but dangerous after they pass the age of six months.

The ibex I kept were found by me in the Suliman Range, and they were dear little pets. There was a horse paddock in my compound with pillars five feet high, two feet square, and six feet apart; the tops were conical, and the pair used to chase each other round from top to top, their foothold being unerring, until one caught the other. The latter then took to the earth. These rare beasts were promised by me

to the London Zoo, but one was accidentally killed, and the other stolen, before the ship was due to carry them home.

Whilst on the subject of wild beasts in captivity I will record my experiences of wild men in military harness, as compared with the more civilised races in the army, and how I found it necessary to treat them respectively. After being attached to three native cavalry, and many native infantry, regiments, I think I can safely give an opinion based on experience.

Our best fighting men in India are undoubtedly recruited from the trans-frontier tribes, which are continually at war with their neighbours or amongst themselves. In the old days, when the frontier of India was more contracted, the Sikhs, Punjabis and Sind Beluchees were regarded as great fighting men; but I maintain that wherever railways and civilisation generally increase, the fighting powers of the natives in that locality decrease. Many will take exception to my remarks; but the Sikh of Chillianwallah was a better fighting man, in my opinion, than the Sikh of to-day, and the Mahrattas on both sides, when Kirkee was fought, were better fighting men than those of to-day. Of all the regiments in India the Madras regiments would be of least service in a

struggle with Russia or any other power. There are a few exceptions to the frontier maxim: amongst them the Rajpoots. Their soldier spirit has deteriorated less than that of any other race within the civilised zone, pride of caste and chiefs such as Pertab Singh being responsible for the salvation of this valuable source of recruiting.

In years to come, when our frontiers may be beyond Afghanistan, Waziristan and other trans-frontier countries, it will be found that we shall have to go still further afield for the best fighting recruits.

In dealing, as a Commanding Officer, with the Mahrattas, Mussulmans and low castes to be found in the ordinary regiments, excessive punishment for offences is needless; but in dealing with an Afreedi, Eusufzai or Rajput the severest punishment is necessary: *but remember this*, in the case of trans-frontier men and Rajputs, never have any doubt about the justice of your punishment. I have, for the same offence, given a Mahratta ten days C.B., and a Pathan or Rajput thirty days C.B. with solitary confinement. (*N.B.*—Of course the aforesaid men belonged to different regiments.)

I remember having a long conversation with an Afreedi native officer, and I have never forgotten it. He said, "Our people *expect* the utmost severity for

wrong-doing and the most exact justice. Should you be lenient with them, they will go away with their tongues in their cheeks and have the utmost contempt for you."

This native Subadar, whom I will term Yakoub Khan, told me that in the frontier expeditions he had frequently recognised his relatives on the side of our enemies; but it made no difference in their friendly relations when he was on furlough. So it was in the Umbeyla Campaign—brothers were firing at brothers, and fathers at sons; it all came in the day's pay. Mercenary troops, such as our native soldiers are, cannot string themselves up to concert pitch with what I call enthusiastic patriotism, but they fight better when they belong to a fighting race, not altogether subdued by railways, luxury and law courts.

Subadar Yakoub Khan came to me one day and asked for six months' urgent leave, and likewise requested permission to take a regimental rifle with him. I granted the former, but not the latter, request. I had, however, a Martini carbine of my own which was very accurate, and I lent the weapon with the injunction to keep it clean.

Three months afterwards Yakoub Khan returned and paid his respects to me. I asked him why

he had not taken all his leave, and he spoke as follows.—

"There was a little family quarrel; one of my tribe had been murdered, and I had to settle accounts with the murderer. Having done so I stayed no longer in my country. The weapon is very accurate, as you said." He then returned the rifle in perfect order, with a courteous salute, and left me.

In all our petty wars on the frontier it must be remembered that two objects are attained: we are avenging misdeeds and keeping up the war-like, war-loving spirit of men, many of whom join our ranks when the expedition is concluded. It is, in fact, active manœuvres with good results such as are never obtained by the waste of blank cartridges on Salisbury Plain, or after any other "Picnic Battles" in England or the Colonies. As the German General said of the *Landwehr* in 1870, "Raw soldiers want bleeding to make them smart in more senses than one."

The Mahomedans are about the best of what I call our civilised troops, but they are not the same men who swept through India during the glorious days of the Mogul Dynasty: luxury obtained without looting is the reason thereof, and looting necessitates fighting.

As Sir A. Lyall wrote in *The Old Pindaree*,—

"From the Deccan to the Himalay, five hundred of one clan,
They asked no leave of prince or chief as they swept through Hindusthan."

When the railways run through Bhutan, Nepaul and Afghanistan we shall lose men who are now the flower of the British Native Army, and shall have to search Tibet, and possibly Turkestan, for the best stock.

It may also be remarked that Hindoos, who are mostly vegetarians, cannot stand intense cold as well as those who are meat eaters, and we have a large number of cereal eaters who would be practically useless on the trans-frontier plateaus.

One other maxim I will add in concluding these remarks, viz., that the rank and file of the army are the keenest and best judges of a regimental officer's qualifications, and regimental officers are unfailing in their judgment on a General's capabilities; not the brass-headed clerks at the War Office, nor the Commander-in-Chief. The judges I have mentioned take the place of the man-in-the-street, a critic to be reckoned with nowadays as education improves. I have often thought that the system of selection for important posts should be reversed, and subordinates

should select those above them for important posts, such as commands of regiments, brigades and divisions *a la* Parliament.

When that happy day arrives, perhaps there will be fewer "regrettable incidents" which mar the otherwise glorious war records of Great Britain; and the plausible officer with the airs of a dancing-master, assisted by a Becky Sharpe, will cease to command and lead *men* to destruction, and be requested to leave the Army and try and cultivate a prehensile tail to qualify himself for the top of a hurdy-gurdy, while Becky may turn the handle.

CHAPTER XXI

TOWERS OF SILENCE

I AM now writing of a somewhat unsavoury subject, which is, however, of the greatest importance, not only to India, but to the British Isles. This open sore is one of many disregarded by the Indian Government—a body too fond of unnecessarily pandering to Asiatic prejudices. It may be taken as a fixed rule in India that the various castes and their ways must be considered, regardless of consequences, and what some of those consequences are I will try to make manifest.

The Mahomedans bury their dead; some Hindoos cremate corpses; other Hindoos adopt the Mahomedan method; but the alien Parsee (for an alien the fire-worshipper is to India) offers the corpses of his defunct relatives to the carrion birds of the air to dismember. Few Europeans have seen the interior of a Tower of Silence, wherein the Parsees deposit their dead, as the towers are jealously guarded. Where and how I obtained a view is beside the question. A Tower of Silence is generally built just outside the large towns of India where Parsees congregate. To

describe it roughly, it is a capacious chimney, with a deep, thick, walled well inside. The chimney rises to an altitude of about forty feet, and is about twenty-five feet in diameter. The well is of varying depth, and the walls thereof are six feet or more in thickness. The well rises to about one-third the height of the chimney. From the outside steps are formed to reach a little door on a level with the top of the wall, and this door is always locked until a funeral takes place or the platform has to be cleared of bones by men appointed for the purpose. The platform around the well is divided into sectional slabs, measuring approximately six feet by three feet by two feet. Each section is capable of containing a corpse laid upon it.

Long before the white-robed pall-bearers carrying the corpse arrive, vultures and kites alight on the top of the chimney, ready for the expected feast. I have seen kites in the air in the suburbs of Bombay struggling over *morceaux de Parsee*. I have seen those morsels drop. I know that rats communicate bubonic plague, and I also know that rats are capable of eating human flesh, even when the victim is alive, though dying. I am not aware that the Government of India hold a *post mortem* on all cases of bubonic plague, cholera, or small-pox, or if they make

any special arrangement to prevent such cases becoming the public property of vultures, kites and rats. Such being the case, I maintain that the Government of India is responsible for the dissemination of disease, especially bubonic plague. Without any great stretch of imagination, it can be seen that the rats which eat these morsels find their way to the holds of ships loading for London and elsewhere in Bombay Harbour. Is it supposed for a moment that such a state of things would be tolerated in any European country? And yet the world suffers, indirectly, through this vile Parsee custom. Some of the wells in these Towers of Silence have no drains, and the disintegrated bones are swept into a simple pit. Whether chloride of lime or other disinfectants accompany them I know not.

And yet another grievous charge have I to make against the military authorities, who are equally reckless in sanitary matters. The following letter to the *Pioneer of India*, written by me years ago, will speak for itself.—

Typhoid and its Causes

To the Editor

Sir,—The prevalence of typhoid fever in the N.W. Provinces has given rise to many theories as to its

cause and prevention, and the authorities have apparently arrived at the conclusion that the water supply is at fault. This may be so to a certain extent; but I venture, as a Cantonment Magistrate of some experience, to offer an opinion which will, I think, be accepted as sound. The stations principally attacked possess cavalry and artillery, the commandants of which corps sell their litter to contractors, ostensibly for the purpose of making bricks. As a matter of fact, this litter is used to feed milch cattle, and the result is the provocation of enteric fever. The milk of the buffaloes or cows fed on litter saturated with urine is sold to the British officer and soldier, and no amount of cantonment supervision will stop the diabolical practice. Whenever I am able to prove the offence I fine heavily; but the fine is paid readily, as the purchasers score in the long run pecuniarily. The drift of my argument is this: that a Government order ought to be issued that all stable litter should be destroyed, and that commandants of cavalry regiments and batteries of artillery should receive stringent orders to discontinue the practice of selling litter. I have it recorded on medical authority that the consumption of horse litter and bedding by milch kine is calculated to create disease.

"FELIX."

I am of opinion that this evil will never be arrested as long as canteen funds are increased by it. I must say that after the foregoing letter the Commander-in-Chief did make an effort to compel officers commanding batteries and cavalry regiments to maintain such milch cattle regimentally as might be required for their respective commands, but I felt, from what subsequently occurred, that the case was a hopeless one, as soldiers, when out shooting, drink much milk.

There are some Mahomedan towns in India where Europeans cannot kill pork, and many Hindoo towns where the sale of beef is interdicted. Such nonsense did not obtain in the days of Lord Dalhousie, and I always had my pork and beef sent from afar by parcel post, regardless of what natives said or thought. The Government cannot efface the bogey which is supposed to have caused the Mutiny of 1857, namely, the grease on the Sepoys' cartridges, and rather than run the danger of offending a particular caste will shut their eyes to results. "Funk" and nothing else guides the footsteps of our Indian administrators. In the case of milk it is "money *versus* sanitation." Money wins; more beer and comforts for the soldiers, and more funerals for the community, including the soldiers. Whatever you

do in India to alleviate the troubles of white brothers the cursed word "caste" confronts you, and the white man's burden remains. India wants a six-months' dose of Russian rule to stop the mouth of the heckling native, who is beginning to take too much upon himself. The native requires a martingale at all times in order that his head may remain in the proper place. Let us hope that the re-organised Civil Service of India may lead to the happy results Lord Curzon anticipates. The mushrooms created by the crammer have proved themselves wanting in every way, particularly in their bearing towards Englishmen in other departments.

"When I remember all
The friends so link'd together
I've seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed:
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me."

T. MOORE.

APPENDIX

THE principal Acts in India for the Preservation of Game, which do not apply to the Native States except in regard to elephants.

Supplied to the Author by the courtesy of the India Office.

REGISTRY AND RECORD DEPARTMENT,
INDIA OFFICE, *November* 1905.

The following maps have been received for official record. Copies may be purchased through the appointed agents (Mr E. Stanford, 12, 13, and 14 Long Acre, W.C.; Mr E. A. Arnold, 41 and 43 Maddox Street, Bond Street, W.; Messrs A. Constable & Co., 16 James Street, Haymarket, W.; Messrs Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., 43 Gerrard Street, Soho, W.; Mr B. Quaritch, 15 Piccadilly, W.; Messrs Henry S. King & Co., 65 Cornhill, E.C.; Messrs P. S. King & Son, 2 and 4 Great Smith Street, S.W.). *In applying for maps it is requested that the reference number as well as the full title may be quoted.*

A. N. WOLLASTON.

LIST OF MAPS, PLANS, ETC., OF INDIA AND OTHER PARTS OF ASIA, IN CONTINUATION OF CATALOGUE.

APPENDIX No. LII.

Reference No	Description of Map, with Date of latest Correction.	Price (Coloured).
	THE INDIAN ATLAS, Scale 1″=4 miles.	*s. d.*
	Quarter Sheets 10 N.E. (1902), 12 S.E. (1904), 22 S.E. (1904), 23 N.E. (1903), 23 S.E. (1902), 26 S.E. 1901), 40 N.W. (1896), 69 N.E. (1902), 70 N.W. (1902), 70 N.E. (1901), 71. S.W. (1903), 78 N.W. (1903), 114 S.W. (1903), 114 S.E. (1903), 125 S.W. (1903), 127 N.E. (1904), 128 N.E. (1902), 129 S.E. (1904), 131 S.W. (1904), 144 S.W. (1904)	1 5 each
	INDIA AND ADJACENT COUNTRIES.	
1065	India (skeleton map) scale 1″=192 miles (1904)	0 9
1048	India and Adjacent Countries, Scale $\frac{1}{1000000}$, Sheets 91, 93, 101, 102 (1904)	1 4 each
782	North-Western Trans-Frontier, Sheets 21 S.W. (1905), 23 N.W. (1904), Scale 1″=4 miles, and Sheet 427 (1904), Scale 1″=2 miles	2 8 each

Reference No.	Description of Map, with Date of latest Correction.	Price (Coloured).
	ASSAM.	*s. d.*
	DISTRICT MAPS.	
737	Cachar District, 1″=4 miles (1905) .	2 0
605	Lakhimpur District, 1″=4 miles (1905)	2 0
721	THE ASSAM SURVEY, 1″=1 mile, Sheets 80 (1904), 128 (1905) .	2 8 each
	BENGAL.	
	DISTRICT MAPS.	
548	Birbhum District, 1″=4 miles (1904)	1 0
945	Howrah District, 1″=4 miles (1904)	0 9
396	Saran District, 1″=4 miles (1905) .	2 0
73	Twenty-four Parganas District, 1″=4 miles (1904)	2 0
652	THE BENGAL SURVEY, 1″=1 mile, Sheets 193 (1905), 218 (1904), 283 (1904), 421 (1904), 424 (1904), 427 (1904)	2 8 each
	BOMBAY.	
285	The Sind Survey, Sheets 115 and 116 in one sheet (1905), 1″=2 miles .	2 8
	BURMA.	
669	The Burmah Survey, 1″=1 mile, Sheets 3 and 296, New Series (1904)	2 8 each

Reference No.	Description of Map, with Date of latest Correction.	Price (Coloured).
	CENTRAL INDIA AND RAJPUTANA.	*s. d.*
650	The Central India Agency, 1″=16 miles (1904)	7 6
	DISTRICT MAPS.	
922	Ajmer District, 1″ 8 miles (1904) .	0 9
919	Merwara District, 1″=8 miles (1902)	0 9
638	THE CENTRAL INDIA AND RAJPUTANA SURVEY, 1″=1 mile, Sheets 237 (1903), 238 (1903), 374 (1904), 386 (1904)	2 8 each
	THE CENTRAL PROVINCES.	
	DISTRICT MAP.	
895	Buldana District, 1″=8 miles (1904)	0 9
	MADRAS.	
440	The Madras Survey, 1″=1 mile, Sheet 72 (1903) . . .	2 8
	PUNJAB.	
	DISTRICT MAP.	
1066	Delhi District, 1″=4 miles (1905) .	2 0
615	THE PUNJAB SURVEY, 1″=1 mile, Sheets 173, 175, 193, 210 (1905), 211 (1904), 223 (1905), 252 (1901), 330 (1904)	2 8 each

Reference No.	Description of Map, with Date of latest Correction.	Price (Coloured).
	THE UNITED PROVINCES OF AGRA AND OUDH.	*s. d.*
	DISTRICT MAPS.	
436	Gonda District, 1″=4 miles (1905) .	1 0
423	Lucknow District, 1″=4 miles (1904)	1 0
424	Rae-Bareli District, 1″=4 miles (1904)	1 0
438A	Sitapur District, 1″=4 miles (1905).	1 0
567	THE UNITED PROVINCES SURVEY, Scale 1″=1 mile. Sheets 81, 114 (1904), 120 (1902), 148, 220 (1904)	2 8 each
	MISCELLANEOUS.	
1067	Map of portion of Western Tibet explored by Captain Rawling and Lieutenant Hargreaves (Somerset Light Infantry) in 1903, Scale 1″=12 miles (1904) . . .	2 8

ACT No. I of 1873.

PASSED BY THE GOVERNOR OF FORT SAINT GEORGE IN COUNCIL.

Received the assent of the Governor on the 21st April 1873, and of the Governor-General on the 15th May 1873.

An Act to prevent the indiscriminate destruction of wild Elephants.

Preamble.—Whereas it is expedient to make provision to prevent the indiscriminate destruction of wild elephants within the Presidency of Madras; it is hereby enacted as follows:—

1. *Local extent. Commencement of Act.*—This Act extends to the territories for the time being subject to the Government of the Presidency of Fort St George; and it shall come into force on the first day of October 1873.

2. *Destruction of wild elephants prohibited*—From and after the said day, the destruction of wild elephants is prohibited, except as hereinafter provided.

3. *Penalty for destroying female elephants.*—Whoever shoots at, or intentionally destroys, or abets, within the meaning of the Indian Penal Code, the shooting at, or destruction of, any wild female elephant upon waste or forest land, whether such land be the property of Government or otherwise, shall be liable to a penalty not exceeding five hundred Rupees, and, in default of payment, to simple or rigorous imprisonment for a period not exceeding three months.

Any person convicted under this Act of an offence com-

mitted after his previous conviction under this Act shall be liable to a penalty not exceeding one thousand Rupees, and, in default of payment, to simple or rigorous imprisonment for a period not exceeding six months.

4. *Penalty for destroying male elephant on Government land without license.*—Whoever, not being authorised thereto by a license granted under the provisions of Section 7, shoots at, or intentionally destroys, or abets, within the meaning of the Indian Penal Code, the shooting at, or destruction of, any wild male elephant upon waste or forest land, the property of the Government, shall, upon a first or second conviction, be liable to the penalties and periods of imprisonment respectively provided for a first or second conviction in Section 3 of this Act.

5. *Saving clause as regards destruction of male elephants on Zemindary or private land.*—Nothing in this Act shall be deemed to prevent any Zemindar or other proprietor or occupier of land, or any person duly authorised in that behalf by any such Zemindar, proprietor, or occupier, from destroying wild male elephants upon the waste or forest lands of such Zemindar, proprietor, or occupier.

6. *Saving clause as regards destruction of elephants found on cultivated lands, &c.*—Nothing in this Act shall be deemed to prevent any person from shooting at, or destroying any wild male or female elephant found upon cultivated lands, or upon or in the immediate vicinity of any public road, or to prevent any person from shooting at, or destroying any male or female elephant in defence of himself or any other person.

7. *License to shoot male elephants.*—The Collector or other officer in charge of a district may, subject to such rules as may, from time to time, be made by the Local

Government, issue a license to any person authorising him by name to shoot wild male elephants upon waste or forest lands, the property of the Government, in such district, for the period of one year from the date of the grant of such license. Every such license shall become void at the expiration of the said period, but may be renewed by such Collector or other officer for a like period.

Proviso.—Provided that every such license shall become void upon the conviction under this Act of the person to whom such license was granted.

8. *Power to make rules for grant or renewal of licenses.*—The Local Government may make rules for regulating the grant or renewal of licenses under this Act, and the fees to be charged on such grant or renewal, and may, from time to time, alter or cancel such rules.

9. *Limitation of prosecution.*—Every prosecution under this Act shall be commenced within a period of six months from the date of the offence in respect of which it is instituted.

ACT No. VI of 1879.

Passed by the Governor-General of India in Council.

Received the assent of the Governor-General on the 22nd March 1879.

An Act for the preservation of wild elephants.

Preamble.—Whereas it is expedient to provide for the preservation of wild elephants; It is hereby enacted as follows :—

1. *Short title.*—This Act may be called "The Elephants Preservation Act, 1879."

Local extent.—It extends to the territories now respectively administered by the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-Western Provinces and the Chief Commissioners of Oudh, the Central Provinces, British Burma and Coorg; and the Local Government may, with the previous sanction of the Governor General in Council, extend it to any other local area by notification in the local official Gazette.

Commencement.—So far as regards the power to make declarations and rules, it shall come into force on the passing thereof. In other respects it shall come into force on the first day of April, 1879.

2. *Repeal.*—The words "kills or catches elephants," in section 25, clause (*i*), of the Indian Forest Act, 1878, and the words "killing or catching elephants," in section 31, clause (*j*), of the same Act, shall be repealed in every local area to which this Act extends or is extended.

3. *Killing and capture of wild elephants prohibited.*—No person shall kill, injure or capture, or attempt to kill, injure or capture, any wild elephant unless—

(*a*) in defence of himself or some other person;

(*b*) when such elephant is found injuring houses or cultivation, or upon, or in the immediate vicinity of, any main public road or any railway or canal; or

(*c*) as permitted by a license granted under this Act.

4. *Rights of Government with respect to certain elephants and tusks.*—Every elephant captured, and the tusks of every elephant killed, in any of the cases mentioned in section three, clauses (*a*) and (*b*), by any person not licensed under this Act, shall be the property of Government.

5. *License to kill and capture wild elephants.*—The Collector or Deputy Commissioner of any district may, subject to such rules as may for the time being be in force under this Act, grant licenses to kill, or to capture, or to kill and capture, wild elephants in such district:

Provided that no such license shall authorise any person to enter upon any land without the consent of the owner or occupier thereof.

6. *Power of Local Government.*—The Local Government may from time to time, subject to the control of the Governor-General in Council—

(*to declare what are main roads and canals*)—declare what shall be deemed to be main public roads and canals within the meaning of this Act, and—

(*and to make rules as to licenses*)—make rules consistent with this Act for regulating

(*a*) the grant and renewal of licenses under this Act,

(*b*) the fees (if any) in money, tusks or captured elephants to be charged on such grant and renewal,

(*c*) the time during which such licenses shall continue in force, and

(*d*) the conditions (if any) on which they shall be granted.

All such declarations and rules shall be published in the local official Gazette and shall thereupon have the force of law.

7. *Penalty for contravening Section* 3.—Whoever, in contravention of section three, kills, injures, or captures, or attempts to kill, injure or capture, any wild elephant, shall be punished with fine which may extend to five hundred rupees for each elephant concerned;

and whoever breaks any condition contained in a

license granted under this Act shall be punished with fine which may extend to five hundred rupees.

Any person convicted of a second offence under this section shall be punished with imprisonment which may extend to six months, or with fine, or with both.

When any person holding a license under this Act is convicted under this section, such license shall become void and shall be delivered up to the convicting Magistrate.

8. *License to be produced and shewn on requisition of certain officers.*—Any officer of Revenue or Police, or any forest-officer, who may find any person killing, injuring or capturing, or attempting to kill, injure or capture, any wild elephant, except in the cases mentioned in section three, clauses (*a*) and (*b*), may require him to produce and shew a license granted to him under this Act.

Any person who, on such request, wilfully refuses or is unable to produce and shew such license as aforesaid, shall, in addition to any other punishment to which he may be liable under this Act, be punished with fine which may extend to one hundred rupees.

9. *Limitation of prosecution.*—Every prosecution under this Act shall be commenced within six months from the commission of the offence in respect of which it is instituted.

10. *Recovery of fees.*—The amount or value of any fee payable under any license granted under this Act may be recovered from the licensee as if it were an arrear of land-revenue.

MADRAS ACT No. II OF 1879.

PASSED BY THE GOVERNOR OF FORT ST GEORGE IN COUNCIL

Received the assent of the Governor on the 12th February 1879, and of the Governor-General on the 24th March 1879, and takes effect from the 6th May 1879.

An Act to provide for the protection of Game and Acclimatised Fish in the District of the Nilgiris in the Madras Presidency.

Preamble.—Whereas it is expedient to provide for the protection of wild animals and birds used for food and of acclimatised fish, and to prohibit the killing, capturing and selling game and acclimatised fish in the district known as the Nilgiris, as described in the Schedule hereto appended, under certain conditions; It is hereby enacted as follows:—

1. *Title and local extent.*—This Act may be called "The Nilgiris Game and Fish Preservation Act, 1879;" and it shall come into operation in the district aforesaid, or such parts thereof, and from such dates as the Governor in Council may from time to time declare by notification in the *Fort St George Gazette.*

2. *Interpretation-clause*—"*Game.*"—In this Act the word "game" shall include bison, sambhur, ibex, jungle-sheep, deer of all descriptions, hares, jungle-fowl, pea-fowl, partridge, quail, and spur-fowl, or such birds or animals as the Governor in Council may deem fit to specify by notification from time to time in the *Fort St George Gazette.*

3. *Power to fix close season.*—The Governor in Council

may, by notification in the *Fort St George Gazette*, from time to time, fix a season or seasons of the year during which it shall not be lawful for any person to shoot at, kill, capture, pursue or sell, or attempt to kill, capture or sell game, as may be specified in such notification within the district aforesaid.

Proviso as to private lands.—Provided that nothing in this Act contained shall preclude proprietors or occupiers of land from adopting such measures on such land as may be necessary for the protection of crops or produce growing thereon.

4. *Protection of animal, bird or fish not indigenous.*—Whenever any animal, bird or fish useful for food, not indigenous to the district aforesaid, is introduced into it with the approval of the Government with a view to becoming acclimatised or being propagated therein, it shall be lawful for the Governor in Council from time to time, by notification in the *Fort St George Gazette*, to prohibit altogether, or to regulate in such a manner and for such period not exceeding three years as may be declared in such notification, the pursuit, killing or capture of such animal, bird or fish.

5. *Power to prescribe rules for the regulation and control of fishing.*—It shall be lawful for the Governor in Council, by notification in the *Fort St George Gazette*, from time to time to make rules for the regulation and control of fishing in any stream or lake within the said district; and such rules may, with the view to protect acclimatised fish which may be believed to be there or may be hereafter introduced therein, prohibit or regulate the poisoning of the waters of any stream or lake, the throwing of any deleterious matter therein, the use of

fixed engines for the capture of fish in any stream, and the use of nets of a mesh below a certain size to be defined in such rules for the capture of fish in such stream or lake.

6. *Power of Government officer or police.*—Any Government officer or servant or policeman producing his certificate of office, or wearing the prescribed distinctive dress or badge of his department, may require any person whom he finds committing any offence against Sections 3, 4 or 5 of this Act, to give his name and address, or, if there is reason to doubt the accuracy of the name and address so given, to accompany him to the nearest police-station.

7. *Penalties for shooting, &c., during close season and for breach of fishing rules.*—Every person convicted before a Magistrate of any offence against Sections 3, 4 or 5 of this Act shall be liable for a first offence to a penalty not exceeding rupees fifty and to the forfeiture to Government, at the discretion of the Magistrate, of the game, birds or fishes taken, and of all guns, engines, implements, nets and dogs used in or for the purpose of aiding the commission of such offence, and, in default of payment of fine, to simple imprisonment for a period not exceeding one month, and for every second and subsequent offence to a penalty not exceeding rupees one hundred and the same liability to forfeiture, and in default of payment to simple imprisonment for a period not exceeding two months.

8. *Procedure under this Act.*—The provisions of the Code of Criminal Procedure relating to the summoning and examination of persons accused and witnesses and to the levying of penalties shall be applied to proceedings under this Act.

9. *Appropriation of fees, fines, &c.*—All fees, fines and

forfeitures realised under this Act shall be paid into the public treasury.

Award to informer.—But it shall be competent to the convicting Magistrate to award such portion of the fine or of the proceeds of the forfeiture as he may think fit, not exceeding one-half the amount of full fine authorised to be imposed by this Act in any case under this Act, to the person or persons on whose information the conviction is obtained.

Schedule Referred to in the Preamble.

The Nilgiri District shall for the purpose of this Act be held to be bounded by—

The north bank of the Bhavani River from Attipadi in the Attipadi Valley to the junction of the Moyar River.

The west and south banks of the Moyar River from its unction with the Bhavani to the point in the Mudumullah district nearest to Gudalur.

A line carried thence to the head of the Pandy River (Ouchterlony Valley).

The east bank of the Pandy River to where it falls near the Karkur Pass into Malabar Payenghaut.

A line along the south crest of the Ouchterlony Valley and across the western slopes of the Nilgiri and Mukurti Peaks and Sisapara Ranges to Wallaghaut.

A line thence along the west crest of the Silent Valley (Malabar) Range.

N.B.—The district shall include the entire tract known as the Silent Valley.

A line from the south end of the above-named range to the Bhavani River at Attipadi in the valley of the same name.

ACT No. II of 1883.

PASSED BY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA IN COUNCIL.

Received the assent of the Governor-General on the 26th January 1883.

An Act to amend the Elephants Preservation Act, 1879.

Preamble.—Whereas it is expedient to amend the Elephants Preservation Act, 1879, in manner hereinafter appearing; It is hereby enacted as follows:—

For section 4 of the said Act, the following shall be substituted, namely:—

4. *Rights of Government with respect to certain elephants and tusks.*—"Every wild elephant captured, and the tusks of every wild elephant killed, by any person not licensed under this Act, shall be the property of Government."

ACT No. XX of 1887.

PASSED BY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA IN COUNCIL.

Received the assent of the Governor-General on the 21st October 1887.

An Act for the Protection of Wild Birds and Game.

Whereas municipal authorities in different parts of British India have from time to time made rules for the protection of birds and other game;

And whereas it is expedient that Local Governments

and cantonment-authorities as well as municipal authorities should be empowered to make such rules;

It is hereby enacted as follows:—

1. *Title, extent and commencement.*—(1) This Act may be called the Wild Birds Protection Act, 1887.

(2) It extends to the whole of British India; and

(3) It shall come into force at once.

2. *Definitions.*—In this Act—

(1) "municipal authority" means the corporation, commissioner, committee, board, council or person having authority over a municipality under any enactment for the time being in force:

(2) "cantonment-authority" means a cantonment-committee or, in the case of a cantonment for which such a committee has not been constituted, the commanding officer of the cantonment: and

(3) "wild bird" includes a peacock and every bird of game.

3. *Power to make rules.*—(1) The Local Government with respect to any municipality or cantonment within the territories under its administration, or the municipal authority or cantonment-authority of any municipality or cantonment, may from time to time make rules—

(*a*) defining the expression "wild bird" for the purposes of this Act in its application to the municipality or cantonment;

(*b*) defining for those purposes the breeding season of any kind of wild bird; and

(*c*) prohibiting, subject to such exceptions and conditions as may be prescribed by the rules, the possession or sale during its breeding season within the municipality or cantonment of any kind of

wild bird recently killed or taken, or the importation into the municipality or cantonment of the plumage of any kind of wild bird during such season.

(2) The authority making a rule under clause (*c*) of sub-section (1) may direct that a breach of it shall be punishable with fine which may extend, in the case of a first offence, to five rupees for every wild bird in respect of which or of the plumage whereof the breach of the rule has been committed, and, in the case of a subsequent offence, to ten rupees in respect of every such bird or plumage.

(3) A Court convicting any person of a breach of any such rule may order the confiscation of any wild bird or plumage in respect of which the breach was committed.

(4) The power to make rules under this section is subject to the condition of the rules being made after previous publication and, in the case of rules made by a municipal authority or cantonment-authority, to the further condition of the rules being confirmed by the Local Government before they are published in the official Gazette under clause (5) of section 6 of the General Clauses Act, 1887.

4. *Power to apply Act to any animals of game.*—The Local Government, of its own motion or on the application of any municipal authority or cantonment authority may, by notification in the official Gazette, declare the provisions of the last foregoing section with respect to wild birds to apply to any animals of game other than birds, and thereupon those provisions shall apply to such animals and their furs in like manner as they apply to wild birds and their plumage.

INDIA OFFICE, WHITEHALL, LONDON, S.W.,
30th November 1905.

SIR,—In reply to your letter of 21st November, regarding measures for the protection of game in India, I am directed to inform you that this office is not in a position to add to the information on this subject given to you in letter R. & S. 184 of 26th January 1905, duplicate of which, and of its enclosures, is sent herewith.

Further information might perhaps be obtained by application to the Secretary to the Government of India, Department of Revenue and Agriculture.

The Central Provinces Survey Map, on the scale of one inch to a mile, can be bought from any of the agents named in the enclosed list, in sheets at 2s. 8d. a sheet. Asseerghur falls within sheet 8.

Sheets of the same survey are also produced on the scale of four inches to a mile, but these, owing to the absence of demand for them, are not on sale in this country. A set of them, so far as they have been published, is kept for reference in the map room of the Record Department here, and copies could be obtained from India if required.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. W. HOLDERNESS,
Secretary, Revenue & Statistics Department.

INDIA OFFICE, *26th January* 1905.

SIR,—In reply to your letter of the 22nd January, I am directed to forward for your information a copy of the Indian and Madras Acts noted in the margin, which have reference to the preservation of game in India.

Indian Act VI. of 1879.
" " *II. of* 1883.
" " *XX. of* 1887.
Madras Act I. of 1873.
" " *II. of* 1879.

The rules and notifications under these Acts, specifying their extension and the details of their application, are not available in a collected form in this Office. A copy of the Forest Manuals of the various local Governments, showing the rules made under the Forests Acts for the preservation of game in reserved forests, could be shown to you at the Record Department of this Office. The Native State of Mysore has also a law for the protection of elephants from indiscriminate slaughter. It is not known here whether there is a similar provision in any other Native States.

With regard to your second question, I am directed to forward you a copy of the Indian Poisons Act (I. of 1904).—I am, &c., J H. SEABROOKE,

Asst. Secretary, Revenue & Statistics Department.

THE END

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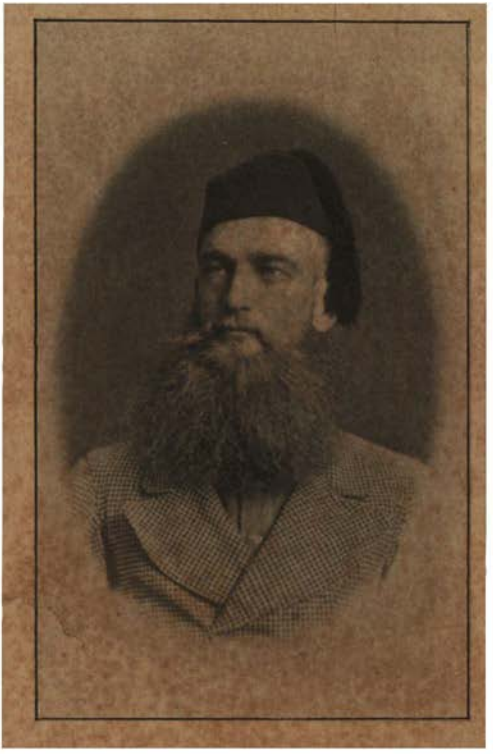

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